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CALIFORNIA FROM PADRE TO CITIZEN.

WHEN the sun sank behind the "Golden Gate" and the shadows lengthened over the old missions of California a new star arose in the heavens and has since held its place in the galaxy of States.

History tells us that as early as 1602 Don Sebastian Vizcaino, under instructions from Philip III of Spain, entered the Bay of Monterey with two priests and a body of soldiers and took possession of the country for the King. A cross was erected, an altar was established, and then and there the first mass was celebrated that was ever heard in this birthplace of the great Commonwealth of California.

The place was named in honor of the viceroy of Mexico, Gaspar de Zaniga, Count of Monterey, who was the instigator and patron of the expedition.

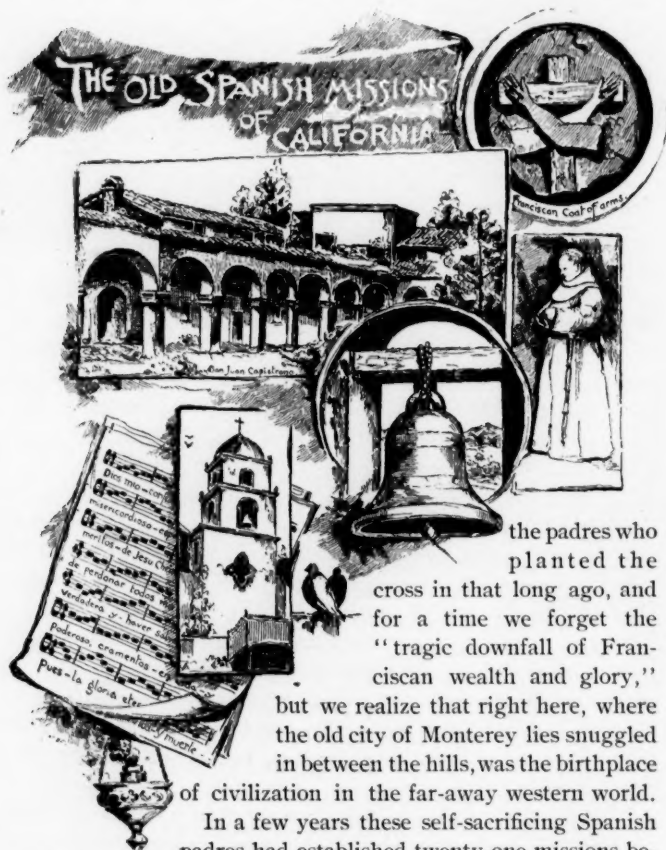
In time the project was abandoned, and for more than a century and a half a leaf in history was not turned.

A band of Franciscan missionaries was sent to the coast in 1768, with Father Junipero Serra as president. He founded a mission at Monterey in 1770, on the ground of Vizcaino's discovery. A year later the mission was removed to Carmelo Valley, five miles back from the bay, and called the Mission San Carlos de Carmelo.

To-day, on the banks of the Carmelo River, stands the old stone church then erected. The remains of Father Serra and three of his comrades repose beneath the sanctuary.

In the quaint old town still remains the presidio. In its inclosure was the chapel where now stands the Catholic Church. In passing through the crooked streets, with here and there touches of the old Spanish landmarks, when looking upon its

fortress heights, its undulating hills that dip their feet into the sea, the cross standing where it was planted in the century grown old, we can almost see a phantom ship skimming the blue waters of Monterey Bay, bearing the Spanish colors and



the padres who planted the cross in that long ago, and for a time we forget the "tragic downfall of Franciscan wealth and glory,"

but we realize that right here, where the old city of Monterey lies snuggled in between the hills, was the birthplace of civilization in the far-away western world.

In a few years these self-sacrificing Spanish padres had established twenty-one missions between the Sierras and the sea, extending from San Diego to Sacramento.

The 3d of June, 1770, the day of the founding of the first mission, the fathers called the holy day of Pentecost. "Peace on earth, good will toward men," was the watchword of the

padre. This was ten years before George III ascended the English throne.

When the Franciscans were in the zenith of their glory the Colonies were in sackcloth and ashes. The population increased, a long list of Spanish governors held sway, revenues aggregated into millions, and all this was before Talleyrand dismissed Mr. Monroe from the Republic of France or Napoleon

had overthrown the Directory and become First Consul. On the 18th day of December, 1817, twenty-three years after Junipero Serra's death, San Rafael was founded. This was the first settlement north of the Bay of San Francisco. Previous to this it had been in the possession of the native races. In 1823 a mis-

sion was founded at Sonoma. For fifty years these missions had been fostered and protected by the Government of Spain. Many of their buildings were imposing in appearance, and to-day in their ruins have a fascinating

charm which appeals to the heart of every traveler. There is a fountain of riches hidden by these crumbling walls. We remember the Indians and the brotherhood became possessed of valuable lands and extensive herds, and while a slow civilization had taken root and was gaining power, Mexico, always turbulent and restless as the sea, was contemplating a plan of



independence from Spain through Agustin de Iturbide, called the "plan of Iguala." He separated the governments and set up one of his own. He in turn was forced to abdicate by the very allies who had helped in the overthrow. They looked upon the old dynasties handed down from the Montezumas with as much horror as of those of Spain. Santa Anna proclaimed a republic; revolution followed revolution.

California was so far removed from the center of activities that she could not keep up with the changes, and so became involved in political revolutions on a smaller scale on her own hook. Whenever there was a power in Mexico that held onto its prerogative long enough to get the news to California they claimed allegiance.

As soon as Mexico was separated from Spain they began to secularize the missions and dispose of the property. The mission lands were granted to resident Californians and naturalized citizens of foreign birth. Ranch life had hardly become the order of the new status ere other troubles arose. A large immigration had begun to flow from the United States, and jealousy was rampant among the native politicians. Repeated requests were made by the central government of Mexico to stop their coming and to send those already there out of the country. No power was sufficient to accomplish this, yet it kept up a continual irritation.

Affairs between the United States and Mexico were launched upon tempestuous seas. The United States had decided to annex Texas, and also get possession of California by purchase, treaty, or conquest. The Hon. George Bancroft, when Secretary of State under James K. Polk, sent the following order to John L. Sloat, commander of the Pacific Squadron, June 24, 1845, nearly a year before Mexico declared war upon the United States:

"If you ascertain that Mexico has declared war against the United States, you will at once possess yourself of the port of San Francisco and occupy such other ports as your force may permit. You will be careful to preserve, if possible, the most friendly relations with the inhabitants and encourage them to adopt a course of neutrality."

Later (June 8, 1846) he said: "If California separates her-

self from our enemy, the central government of Mexico, and establishes a government of its own and under the auspices of the American flag, you will take such measures as will best promote the attachment of the people of California to the United States."

During these years the home-builders from the United States in increasing numbers were crossing the Sierras and settling in the beautiful valleys that lie between the foot-hills and the sea. Many of these Americans who arrived in the forties settled at Sutter's Fort, in Sacramento, in Napa, and Sonoma counties. Everybody in California felt that the prize was soon to fall into some national treasury.

England and France were as eager to pull the chestnuts from the fire as they had been in the Colonial days on the Atlantic coast. On the 14th day of June, 1846, a small band of brave men, only numbering thirty-three, raised the Bear Flag and called themselves Independents. It was with marked significance old grizzly was chosen. It is said "it was because he attended strictly to his own business, and would go on munching his berries if you let him and his cubs alone. If you undertook to crowd him out, or to make him turn out of his course, or go any faster than he wanted to, he would show fight, and when once in a fight he fought his way out or died in his tracks."



THE BEAR FLAG.

The crisis came; the Independents were determined to have peace if they had to fight for it. Commodore Sloat, in the harbor of Mazatlan, heard on the 7th of June that the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma had been fought on the Rio Grande. The following day he set sail with his squadron, and on the 2d day of July they sailed into the beautiful Bay of Monterey. On the 7th "Old Glory" unfurled her colors of red, white, and blue, and gathered the old city of Monterey under her folds. The red, yellow, and green that had greeted the sunrise of the century and been lowered as the day star sank

behind the western sea was folded forever. On the 9th the flag was raised by Captain Montgomery in Portsmouth Square, San Francisco.

The English and French frigates had been hovering about the Sandwich Islands, in view of getting the ascendancy not only of the islands, but of the Pacific coast. Admiral Seymour, of the frigate *Collingwood* of the British navy, on the day following Commodore Sloat's raising the American flag over Monterey, turned his ship into the bay, to be saluted by the American colors. He was one day too late.

To Major Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo belongs the honor of being the standard-bearer of freedom among the native Californians. He was born in Monterey. In years he became the military commander of the presidio of San Francisco. In 1834 a colony from Mexico settled in Sonoma County, hoping to shut out the Russians who had invaded the country, and also because it seemed the garden spot of California.

General Vallejo was in command of the frontier, and resided in Sonoma. Early in 1846 John C. Frémont arrived on the frontier of California, sent out by the Government for the ostensible purpose of making a topographical survey. He understood perfectly the intention of this Government to take possession of California in the event of war with Mexico, and bore his instructions. He went from the Sacramento Valley to Monterey. Not hearing of the declaration of war, as he expected, he decided to go on to Oregon. He asked permission of General Castro, military commander of California, to proceed to the San Joaquin Valley with his company of sixty men en route for Oregon. Very soon after consent was given and General Frémont had started on his way Castro arose, stirring up the Californians to overt acts against the Americans. Frémont left Lassen's Ranch, the most northerly settlement in California, on the 6th of April.

Lieutenant Gillespie was sent from Washington with special dispatches to General Frémont, arriving in San Francisco April 17, 1846. He pressed on to Sutter's Fort in the disguise of a merchant. There he engaged five men to go with him on a six days' march through the mountains on the trail of General Frémont. Samuel Neal, a daring frontiersman, volunteered as

guide. At this time the horses began to fail and the Indians were threatening. The condition was a desperate one. Neal volunteered to take two of the best horses and a German named Sigler and push on until they found the camp of General Frémont. After forty-eight hours of hard riding, without tasting food, they came upon the camp at the head of Klamath Lake. Neal soon gave General Frémont to know that Gillespie and his party were doomed unless the greatest haste was made to return to them. Frémont and fourteen of his men hurriedly took the advance and reached Gillespie in time to rescue the party, for that night they were attacked by a large force of Indians. Two of Frémont's men were killed and one wounded, but the savages were driven off and their chief was killed.

The message which Lieutenant Gillespie conveyed to General Frémont at the risk of his life was a verbal, not written one, for it had to be carried through the entire length of the enemy's country; but what it was can be surmised by the results.

Let it be remembered that Lieutenant Gillespie's undaunted courage took him through the rocky fastnesses of the Modoc Indians, whose later tragedies were the murders of General Canby, of the United States Army, and the Rev. Mr. Thomas, who went to them on a mission of mercy. Had it not been for this perilous venture, how much longer would the Territory of California waited to have been one in the sisterhood of States?

In the meantime the Bear Flag party, hearing of Castro's maneuvers, made an attack upon Sonoma, captured the commandant, General Vallejo, and garrison, and sent them to Sutter's Fort. This occurred June 14, 1846. Frémont arrived the next day. When the officers of the Army and Navy took charge of affairs the Independents went out of business and the whole of California was turned over to their care. Their work had been timely and well done. Following the raising of the American flag at Monterey on the 7th of July and San Francisco on the 9th and the same day at Sonoma, on the 10th it floated over the Independents in the Sacramento Valley.

January 19, 1849, James W. Marshall, standing beside a stream in the mountains—now El Dorado County—saw something shining in the water, and, behold, the gold that had been sought for through the ages lay glittering before him! The news flew upon the wings of the wind to every quarter of the

globe. Then commenced the flow of the great tide of humanity. The best and worst elements of older civilizations flocked to the new El Dorado. "Westward, ho!" was the rallying cry. With this influx of Americans from all parts of the United States came the desire for the admission of California into the Union. The pages of history are still fresh that tell of the bill framed by Senator Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois. The old question had to be met—slavery stood in the way. The battle waged bitter and long. Sectional spirit ran high. The Missouri Compromise or Wilmot proviso created no greater excitement. After an all-night session the Senate adjourned Sunday morning, March 4, 1849. California was not in the Union; the one star of the Bear flag had no place in the family of States. In the meantime the people elected delegates to form a State constitution. At the next session of Congress the fight went on. All summer the Senate grappled with the question. At last the friends won, and on the 9th day of September, 1850, President Fillmore signed the bill admitting California into the Union.

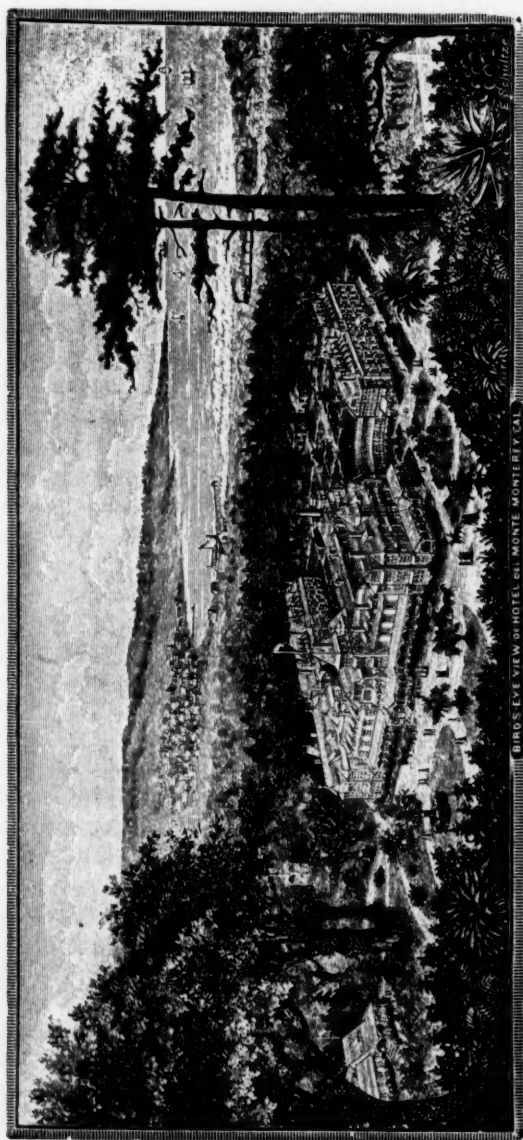
Forty-four years ago the Argonauts, the pioneers of California, were made citizens of this grand Republic. Compare the advancement of this less than half a century with the three hundred years of Spanish rule. Could the padres of the missions scattered along the coast return to those shores and see the change that has come over that fair land, they would surely feel that the day of miracles had not passed. Where the lone missions stood, cities have sprung up; where wild cattle ranged over the vast plains, thriving towns have grown. Upon the hills surrounding old Dolores Mission sits the beautiful city of the sunset sea; through her Golden Gate the white wings of nations enter to pay her tribute.

Now, let us search for the enchanter's wand which was waved over the face of this beautiful land. The history of the world does not bring to our knowledge any country that has made such progress, and the question we would ask is, Was this transformation scene produced by the men who came in ships after weary days and months beating round the Horn or through the Isthmus or over the weary stretch of mountain and plain, or was it when the band of steel was laid from the ocean of the rising sun to the sunset sea? In the light of to-day let us read the record. We go back to old Monterey, and what do we find?

From the sand hills and the dunes has arisen a palace for the gods, surrounded by the garden spot of the world—an enchanted place, flowers blooming in luxuriance, overtopping pines playing hide and seek with towers, minarets, gables, and angles, giant oaks spreading their protective arms over feathery ferns and blossoms wild. The winds of old ocean through the centuries have distorted the trunks and twisted the branches of the trees, but the outreaching protective power, the draperies of hanging moss, woo you into alluring nooks and trysting-places. In the midst sits beautiful Hotel del Monte, without rival. Money, art, taste, nature, the charm of the cypress drive, the blue ocean, the silvery bay, have made this the ideal spot for the travelers of the world.

When the Southern Pacific Company projected this enterprise and carried it to completion they opened the gates of Paradise. Southern California to-day, from San Diego and beautiful Coronado to the Golden Gate, owes its fascinating charms, its alluring luxuries, to these corporations that have made this the garden spot of the world, known to all the peoples of the earth. Would Mount Hamilton be sweeping the skies to-day, seeking the hidden mysteries of the stars, with its Lick Observatory, had she been obliged to double the Horn or cross the Isthmus with her instruments? Would Professor Lowe ever have built the great incline cable, heavenward-bound, or started it on its journey into the ether blue, where clearer skies bespeak greater results in the astronomical world than even Mount Hamilton can give, if the iron bands that bind our continent were not his handmaiden to do his bidding? Echo Mountain and Mount Lowe, monarchs of the Sierra Madre range, are household words to tourists. There are few places like this on this earth, where at one glance you see flowers and snow, rose gardens and sleigh-riding, snow-balling and eschscholtzia-plucking, singing birds and the Storm King battling, cities in the distance, towns at your feet, and the waves of old Pacific beating time with the ages.

Beautiful Pasadena, fascinating, enterprising Los Angeles, with her great-hearted citizens, her beautiful parks, and Italian skies, her graceful shore-line sweep of Santa Monica, the vineyards and the fruit farms, the fields of waving grain, so



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF HOTEL EL MONTE, MONTEREY, CAL.

restful to the eye in this southland, are the fruits of the handiwork of man, made possible by the wealth, energy, and motive power poured into the State by moneyed corporations. What would California be to-day without them? What is she because of them? Let the agitators of society answer.

Let us leave the southland and go to the northland—old Sonoma County, where the first stroke for freedom was made. One sunny morning we left the sunset city and boarded the steamer "Tiburus." Out passed our ship into the magnificent Bay of San Francisco, out under the guns of Alcatraz the Golden Gate open before us; incoming ships from the Orient greeted us; outgoing ships for Hawaii, Samoa, and New Zealand passed us. We realized that the waterways of the world were around us; the vision of a city beautiful behind us; the peaceful presidio at our left. The quiet mingling of the gray waters of the bay with the incoming flow of the Pacific brought us to feel that restlessness, grievousness, and sin were banished; that "peace on earth, good will toward men" reigned supreme. We soon passed into the wharf slip at Tiburon and boarded the train on the San Francisco and Northern Pacific Railway bound for the great central valley of Sonoma, where the historical Bear Flag was first uplifted, where Vallejo, Sutro, and Marshall had each lived their life and acted their part in the history-making of this region. All have passed over the great divide, and we are bound to see what of the works that follow them.

There is no part of the ride up this valley without interest. On one side is a view of the bay and its islands; on the other wooded valleys and the beautiful Russian River, running back into the Coast Range. It is a picturesque and fertile country. Our objective point is Cloverdale, for we are bound for the geysers. When we reach this gem of the mountains, Cloverdale, we have passed through a country that no forecast can estimate the wealth which will follow its development. The beautiful homes scattered through these valleys, the harvest fields, the fruit, the flowers are in such striking contrast to—

" The days of old,
The days of gold,
The days of '49,"

that again we recognize the waving of the magic wand, and we, as a partner in the weal or woe of our country, give thanks for the enterprise, the freehandedness, with which men opened the way into these valleys, the sweet resting-places of nature. As our train winds in and out through the foot-hills, the meadows, the fields, the forests are as fresh and green as though just washed by showers, yet weeks have passed without rain. No irrigation is needed. The fruit ripens weeks earlier than in the southland. Verily this is a land flowing with milk and honey.

The southland brings to us all that art, money, and skill at the hands of men can give; the northland is beautiful from the hand of God, and no traveler has seen half of California who does not see this part of it. We left the valley and the railroad at Cloverdale and began the mountain ascent by stage, and we remembered the stage rides of Horace Greeley and Schuyler Colfax with Hank Monk and Clark Foss, and we went back again to the days when these men were helping turn the pages of history. We were traveling over the same roads, our driver a son of another generation. The mountains grew bolder, the scenery wilder. A thousand feet below we see the rushing Pluton River; rocks at the right; no sky visible; depths at the left. At the next turn the order is reversed—first mountains to the right of us, then to the left of us—a changing panorama so quick in transit you are almost giddy; flowers, mountain pinks, azalias, wild roses, and blue bells are peeping out of the crevices of the rock so near that when the horses are not on the run we can pluck them—much pleasanter than the view of fathomless nothing on the other side. Sometimes our leaders are out of sight in the tortuous curves, but on we fly through this beautiful mountain world. Tall trees lift their heads and we grasp a maple branch. It is a little touch of home set down here on the mountain side alone to say good morning to the children of the East. The horizon plays hide and seek with you, and at last is lost. Here and there a gable or a tower tells you the cities of the plain are far behind you, but you still have the mountains with you that have been silent sentinels watching the incoming of civilization lo these many ages. Now we go down, down a thousand feet a mile, rounding sharp curves, sometimes on two wheels and sometimes on four, and still we

sink lower and lower, until another mile brings us in front of a commanding hotel. We are at the geysers at the mouth of Pluto Cañon. His Satanic Majesty has put his household in order for the coming guests.

From the verandas of the hotel we took our first view of the vapory veil that rose in columns and spread itself over this Plutonic home. The very air was filled with sulphur fumes. The details of this wonderland we cannot give, but we crossed his river and thought of the Styx. The whole cañon is a boiling, seething mass. We found his kitchen, the tea-kettle was boiling, and we had "a five o'clock" tea in the morning. We sat in his "chair," we wrote from his "inkstand," we drank from his "punch-bowl," preached from his "pulpit," and sang "My Country 'tis of Thee" until it was echoed from the mountain tops, while the boiling of the waters, the whistling of the steam, the fumes from his kingdom, went on with ceaseless energy, as it has done since the morning stars sang together, for all we know, and since the red man fought in tribes for the supremacy of right to bathe in the healing waters.

When the padres were building their missions in the century gone the "Devil's Pulpit" was issuing clouds of steam in gentle puffs or earnest waves from its high outlook.

When John Marshall rocked the first gold into the cabin of "Root, hog, or die," Pluto's Punch Bowl had served generations as it was doing then and now.

When Bruin was chosen the emblem of this State he had roamed these mountains and sniffed the fumes of the "Devil's Kitchen" in Pluto Cañon for centuries.

When the shrill whistle of the engine first echoed through these valleys it was no new sound to the red men of these mountains, for "Steamboat Whistle" had piped its lay for ages through these cañons, but the newer whistled "Yankee Doodle's come to town," and the last thing that greeted our eyes as we began our rattling dashes down into the valley toward Cloverdale was the "Stars and Stripes," proclaiming citizenship!

Forty years ago the attraction of California was her gold. Very few of the Argonauts saw any future in her barren-looking soil. They had no dreams of groves of oranges and grapes,

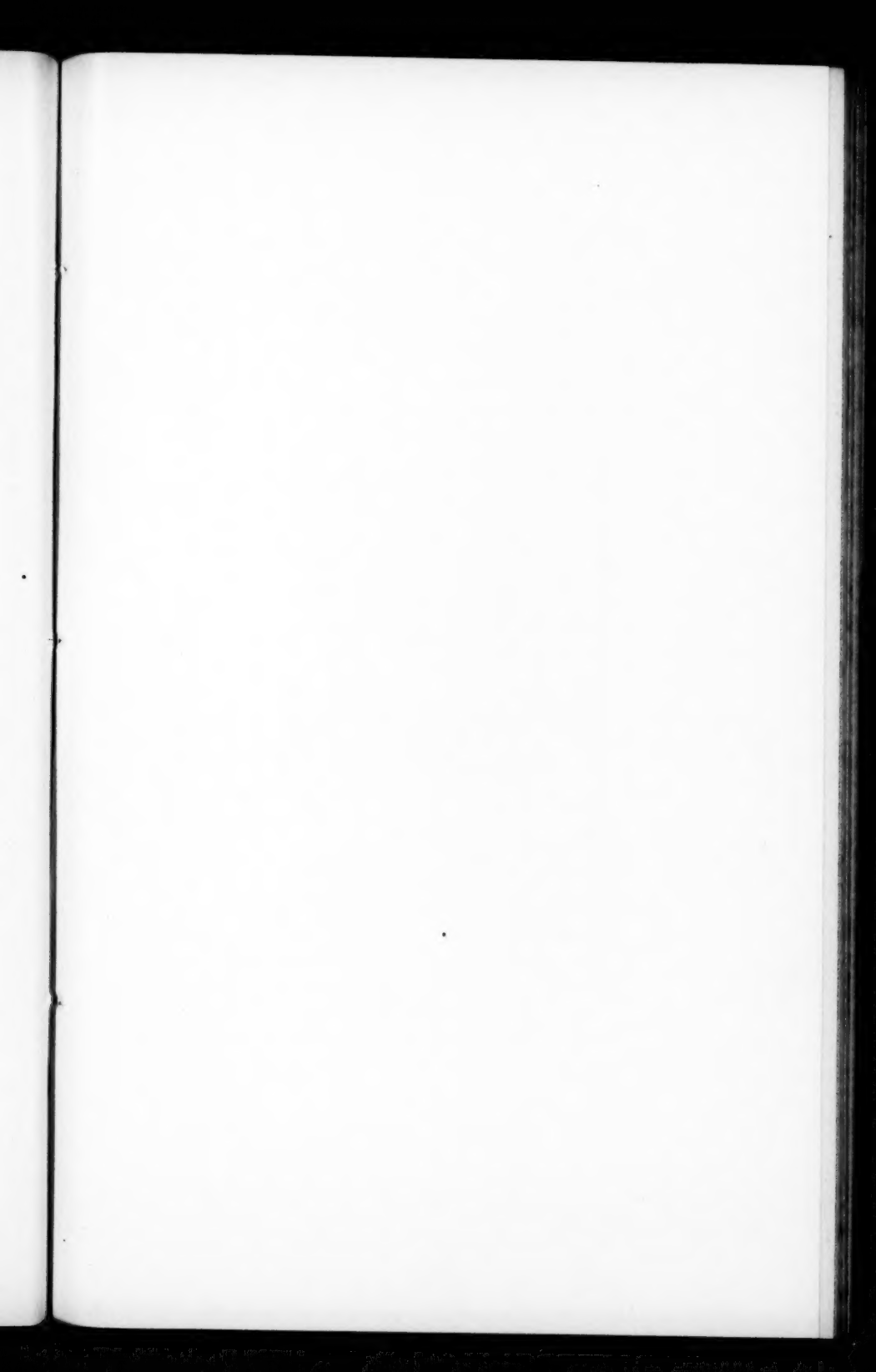
nuts and prunes, that now make picturesque every hillside and valley. They brought ready-made houses with them from Boston to San Francisco. Rough boards sold for a hundred dollars a thousand "in the shade of the boundless redwood forests" of Northern California. We stood in the shadow of the gigantic sequoias, and the thought of the ages that they had been held in the hand of God waiting for the inroads of the civilization of to-day taught us new lessons of His omniscience.

We left the turbulent geysers, the calm, majestic, restful, redwood forests, and took passage again in a commodious car on the Donahue road, and with the shriek of the engine's whistle, harbinger of progress, went gliding along through the broad and fertile valleys to Santa Rosa.

We had not yet seen all we desired of the evolution from padre rule to citizenship. Our feet touched the ground where the revolution began, and we were turning the pages, reading by the light of to-day.

Arriving at Santa Rosa, we were again face to face with the new era. The first person we met was the familiar face of Mark McDonald, a name identified with the history of California, but known to us as a co-worker in the World's Exposition, where there were no State lines, for all were citizens of a glorious Republic. Through the courtesies extended to our party by this gentleman and Mr. R. A. Thompson, editor of the *Santa Rosa Democrat*, to whom we are indebted for much of the data of this paper, and to her great-hearted citizens, we were introduced to this city, sitting in her green valley, the blue mountains her protectorate; her brow wreathed in roses. It was her "fiesta" day. Surely her godmother, the beautiful Limonian saint, Santa Rosa, had not forgotten her child. Such a day! such a sky of clear, tender, softest blue! the whole city beautiful with color and fragrant with the odor of flowers.

We rode over the mountains and looked down Rincon Valley into the peaceful vineyards and olive orchards, and we thought of that morning when the Bear Flag Company on this ground made the fight for liberty, and it seemed to us that it was holy ground. From the blood of the martyrs had literally sprung up the green bay tree. Of the "fiesta" words could not picture its marvelous beauty—features as diversified as numerous—





MARGARET SIDNEY (MRS. D. LOTHROP.)
REGENT OF OLD CONCORD CHAPTER.

floral floats, bands of music, Roman chariots, knights-errant, and gaily caparisoned vehicles; at night illuminated parade, open-air concert, battle of flowers, ending with a grand flower ball; and over all Bruin sat, watching, as much as to say, "I did it."

You can gather from the blue-grass lawns of Santa Rosa bouquets of flowers when icicles decorate the roofs of our Eastern homes and toboggan sliding is in its glory. Verily "winter is in the summer and spring is in the winter, and the harvest is in the seed-time, and autumn is lost out of the calendar altogether."

Before we leave the Golden State, joint heir in this Republic, we take the hand of the northland and place it in the hand of the southland, where it blossomed, and with the right of citizenship we give loving benediction: May its fair shield glisten forever over the sunset sea.

NOTE.—We are indebted to "Sunset Route to California West by South, and an Ideal Winter resort," for pictures of the Old Mission.

MARY S. LOCKWOOD.

A DAY WITH THE OLD CONCORD CHAPTER THAT INAUGURATES NEIGHBORHOOD MEETINGS.

THE beautiful Mosketaquid or Grass Ground River, or the Great River, whose waters bordered the happy hunting-grounds of the first owners of Old Concord, still threads its way lazily as ever through the town of the old North Bridge. By the side of this liquid highway, at a little remove, runs the main thoroughfare of the borough, up and down which in gentle stream flows the unintermitting life of the community. The great fields in the hazy dawn of the October morning show to the passer-by the prosperous dwelling-house and barn instead of the wide "open" reverberating to the soft moccasined foot, or that of hunted animal scarcely less wild, with supplemented fields of waving corn when the white man came into peaceful possession.

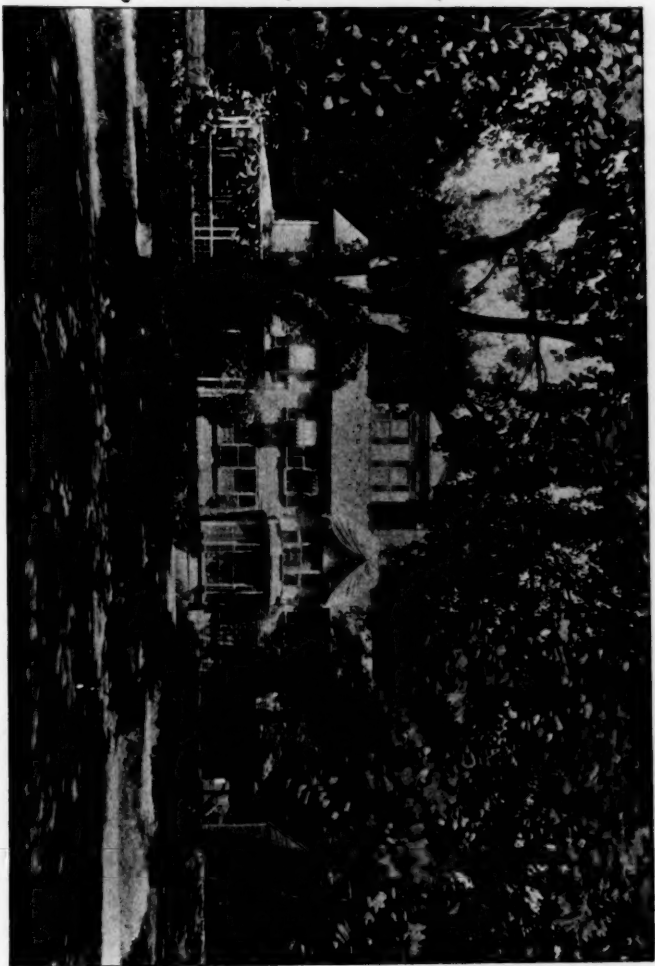
The Mill Dam, the throbbing center of the settlement's life when the old North Bridge spoke "to a waiting world," now represents trade as much as it dares in the calm, protesting at-

mosphere of higher things engrossing the old town. The old Lexington pike runs off in the identical curves that lent disaster to the visiting British on that April morning, with many of the same dwelling-houses still nestling under the ridge on the northern side, and very few smarter ones of modern aspect sprinkled in now and then to vary the scene.

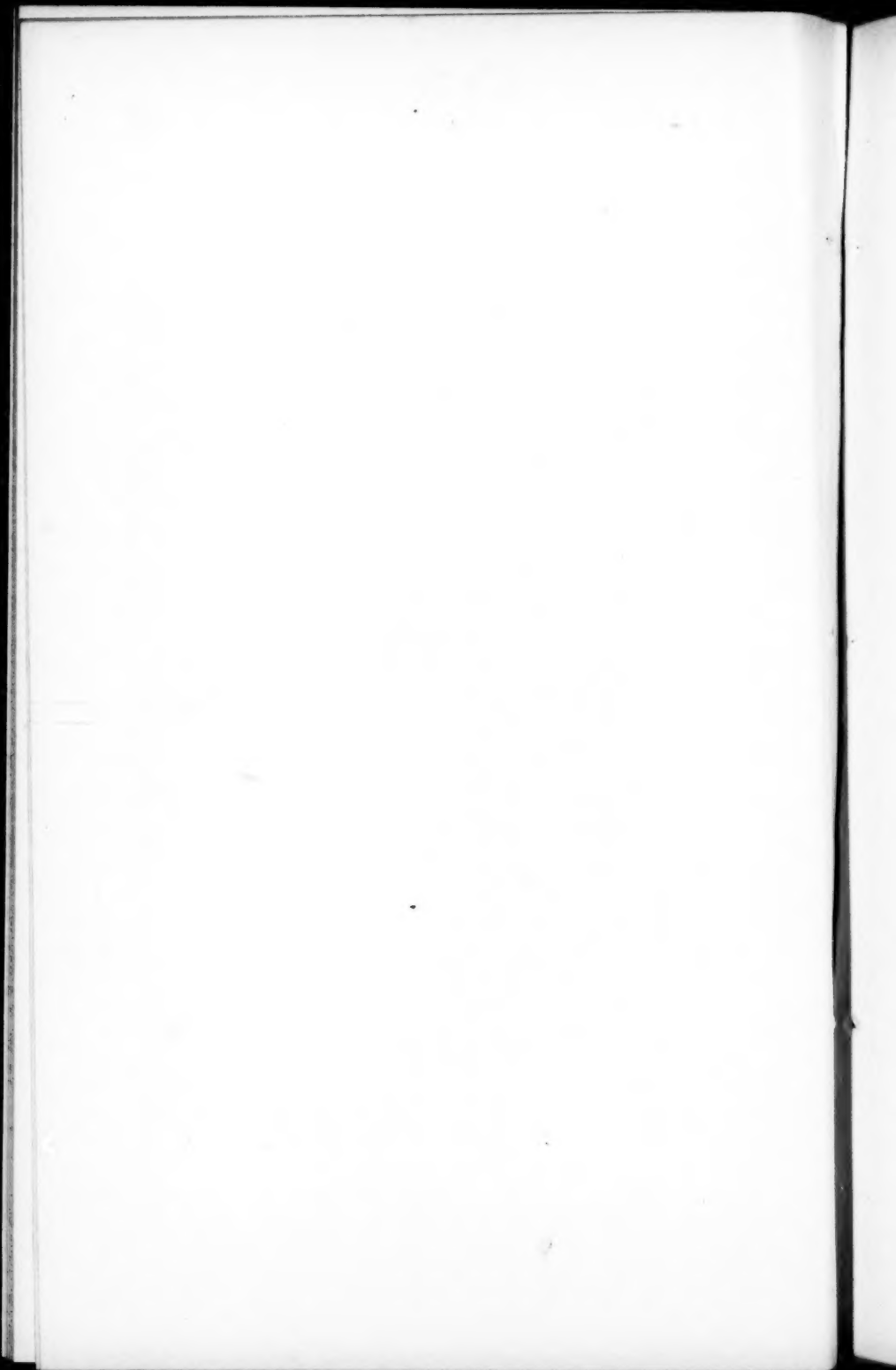
The old Hill Burying-ground, wherein among the graves on the birthday of our nation stood Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn to take note of the Minute Men gathering their forces on Ponkawtasset Hill, still sleeps on in quiet peace, only broken by the foot of pilgrim eager to give an hour to do it reverence; and yonder is the sacred watch-tower, where the Provincial Congress took note of the impending storm and held every man to duty; while, as the bird flies, it is but a little journey to the Colonel James Barrett house on the way to Price Place. The old house, not changed a whit, still holds itself in gentle dignity, while seasons pass its weather-beaten face to leave it unharmed. Long may it defy the elements. Every stick and stone of it is sacred as long as patriotism is to grow into our sons and daughters by sight of such homes where liberty was born.

And over all, guarding not alone the old North Bridge and the town, but as well all other towns of our solid Union, stands as a living principle the bronze Minute Man, mighty and enduring, because so he stood for his God and for his country. So shall all endure who thus stand.

October 29, 1894, was the time set by those decrees men call "fates" for the first meeting of the Old Concord Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and "The Wayside," the home of the Regent, memorable for great reasons, one being that it was the old home of Nathaniel Hawthorne, was the place. We say "the fates decreed," for hard work had been done to bring about this meeting on the 19th of October, the anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. Engagements in the other official lines of the society held fast the loyal women who were bidden to address the meeting and whose presence could not be spared; so, yielding to the inevitable, the 29th was the next date found capable of suiting all, and the 29th it was.



THE WAYIDE.
HOME OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.



One would think the elements might be in sympathy from the first with the patriotic movement toward Concord of those devoted women, going out to do their duty and to take the infant Chapter by the hand to welcome it into the land of this living, growing American work. Not so; gray and forbidding began the morning, with a white bank of ominous clouds over Concord meadows; but the 19th of April, 1775, was no better as to brightness of sky. Why should our faith, founded on a righteous cause, be disturbed? So the camp-chairs are carefully and trustfully placed in Hawthorne's sitting-room and the Library and the old room, where, long before the Minute Men were little boys. It was a cabin under the ridge, and in the big hall and the square entry, converted by a bay-window extension made by the romancer into a little room, called by Mrs. Hawthorne the chapel, because here she read the simple religious exercises to her children and looked across the beautiful meadows to the rising and to the setting sun. All through the rambling old mansion the quaint rooms began to say: "Of all days this is the day to be proud of and to achieve our hardest, most loyal service, for, lo! the Daughters of the American Revolution are coming—are coming to speed the Concord women forward in the work!"

And the charter of the old Concord Chapter, with its thirteen names of members banded together like the thirteen infant Colonies, and gay with its grand official seal and ribbons and signatures, with a large bow of Colonial colors and flying ends atop, went up in the old hall, where the eyes of all the women could be directed to it; and the flag was furled at the entrance and caught up with great stalks of corn, with drooping tassels and the long, pendent ears—bless 'it for a National emblem, say we! What else than the Indian corn kept our puny Colonies together, and what else yields us now so faithfully its allegiance from our vast Western areas, together with every hamlet and hilltop of our land? Pine branches from the wooded crest of Hawthorne's "Mount of Vision" waved tremulously there, too, and over the old porch was the larger flag swaying in the breeze; and then the sun came out, and there was nothing more to ask for.

And the patriotic women came—every one—except our dear

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, whom we longed to have recite her "Battle Hymn of the Republic;" but she was on the edge of the journey to Tennessee to care for her Association for the Advancement of Women, and so she sent loving greeting and message that she would come at some other meeting in our early future.

The old Commonwealth of Massachusetts stood sponsor to our Chapter by the presence of the wife of our Governor, Mrs. Isabel N. Greenhalge, and the wife of our Lieutenant-Governor, Mrs. Edith Prescott Wolcott, while the State Regent, Mrs. Helen L. Green, loyally responded to the call to Concord, as did Mrs. Samuel Eliot, the Regent of the Warren and Prescott Chapter of Boston; Mrs. Marshall Calkins, Regent of the Mercy Warren Chapter of Springfield; Mrs. Mary J. Seymour, Registrar of the same Chapter, and Mrs. W. F. Bradbury, Regent of the Hannah Winthrop Chapter of Cambridge. What a loyal, goodly companie!

And the delegations from the good old towns adjoining began to stream in, for the old Concord Chapter at its board meeting had voted to extend the invitation to join the Chapter to those towns until such time as they would desire to form Chapters for themselves. How fitting that those who fought shoulder to shoulder at the old North Bridge should be represented in the shoulder to shoulder comradeship that will keep the principles that were victorious in 1775 alive and progressive in 1894; and so loyal, patriotic women of Acton, Lincoln, Bedford, Billerica, and Carlisle stepped into "The Wayside" and were brought into touch with the movement and were united by the loyal resolve of the hour; and in Hawthorne's library sat the seventeen members of the Old Concord Chapter, each with her little knot of Colonial colors and victory in her eye.

Two verses of "America" rang out as only they could ring under such circumstances; and then, not daring to go forward a step in any work without God's blessing upon it, and realizing His goodness and grace who is God of our country as well as the Father of each of His children, all bowed the head while Mrs. Samuel Eliot offered the invocation.

The Regent of the Old Concord Chapter then welcomed the guests from Boston and vicinity, the delegations from the neigh-

boring towns, and the large audience of Concord's most representative and most patriotic women. She stated the object of the meeting—the desire for that union in purpose that the fathers felt in the struggle for liberty—that so these neighboring towns might all be banded together now; and she laid before them briefly the hopes, the aims, and the plans for specific work to be done by this Old Concord Chapter whereby it might help forward the work of the Daughters of the American Revolution, these to be given them in detail at a later meeting. She also announced that following the meeting there would be an opportunity to take by the hand all the official guests and make personal acquaintance with them. She then introduced Mrs. Governor Greenhalge, who was received with affectionate applause. Mrs. Greenhalge most graciously responded, saying that she had never spoken before in public, but that she was glad to do so before the Old Concord Chapter, then giving the greetings of the recently formed Chapter, of which she is the Regent in Lowell. Mrs. Lieutenant Governor Wolcott, amid equal applause, was next presented. She read, by request, in that beautiful and distinct voice of hers, the fine paper written by Miss Mary Desha in the Spirit of '76 for October, 1894, entitled "Daughters of the American Revolution." In planning the programme it was thought that this paper best answered all the numerous queries as to the reasons for the formation of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the good to be attained. From the interest that ensued from this reading, our Corresponding Secretary-General should be very glad that she wrote that paper.

The State Regent, Mrs. Green, then read a pleasant paper that was much enjoyed, and was followed by Mrs. Marshall Calkins, Regent of the Mercy Warren Chapter of Springfield, who gave many practical suggestions and whose address was very pertinent and interesting. Mrs. W. F. Bradbury, the Regent of the Hannah Winthrop Chapter of Cambridge, was now introduced and read a paper on the "Surrender of Lord Cornwallis." It was an extremely able one, and gave great pleasure to every one who listened attentively.

Was it possible the end of this delightful meeting must now come? The clock said so, as one and another must catch a

train and yet leave time for the promised presentation by the hostess to the guests; and now the last stanza of grand old "America" rings out, the camp-chairs are folded up, and the line is formed; Old Concord, her neighboring sister towns, and the visiting friends are all brought into that personal relationship of good fellowship without which effective work for any cause cannot be done.

And now, what of it all? Was this meeting to end then and there, to be kept only as a mellowing memory of a delightful time? Standing in the Memorial Room at "The Wayside" and reading the inscription under the bust, "Daniel Lothrop, an American through and through, he represents American education at its best," written by Edward Everett Hale for the friend whom he loved, the publisher who worked and struggled and died to help forward, especially among young people, the growth of just such principles as we are hoping to carry onward by this day's work, the inspiration fell upon all, the solemn reminder that life must be filled to the brim with service for the children and for youth, for all who can be helped up to the light of what is meant by American citizenship, if we would come into the finest and best for ourselves.

For it seems to the writer of this article as if the main work that the Daughters of the American Revolution can do, after all, is with children and young people. A solemn responsibility rests upon all who have to do with the youth growing up in our midst. Most especially does it rest with the women of our country to see to it that impressible young souls are gaining the right ideas of truth and justice; of right living and high thinking—in short, that our American children and youth should understand what it means to be an American; should feel the glory and the beauty of the stern self-denial, the unfaltering courage, the high resolution, and the trust in God, exercised by those who made this country and kept it for "the children's children unto the third and fourth generations of them that loved him and kept his commandments."

Oh, if we women only felt all this as we should, and also what a glorious privilege is ours to work for and with these young souls, could we not go forward in this Daughters of the American Revolution work with immense courage and a surety of

grand results? "The best work to be done is to help boys and girls to make good citizens;" how it rings in the memory from the lips of him of whom Dr. Hale so fitly said, "He was an American through and through"!

One very important work that could be started by the Daughters of the American Revolution is the formation by the Chapters, of historical societies for young people. The historical society proper of a town or village is for older minds—historically inclined, of course—with their habits of study all formed and their tastes, more often than not, carrying the members along in one or two well-worn ruts. Children and young people, obviously, are out of place in such a gathering, even if they would be admitted, and so the solitary study of history, except that gleaned in the school-room, is all that remains to the ardent boy or girl, who might be fired to noble deeds and quiet heroism of life; who might be trained to read backward the epochs of the world with marvelous dexterity and thoroughness; who might, perchance, become in his or her turn the historian of their time, and all because in their own historical society work they found awaking in their minds and hearts the love of history, and for what history could tell them as to making the best use of life. Why let all these stimulating young years lie wasted? If we truly want to save American institutions, we must begin with the children. Into their hands, American men and women are to leave in a few years immense interests and tremendous responsibilities. Will the hands be ready for them?

The day wanes; the first meeting of the Old Concord Chapter is a thing of the past. The light of the late October day goes out in a brilliant flush of the western sky. Over the great fields and the winding wayfaring it casts a rosy gleam while it lights up the soft slope of the distant hill till it seems like a mountain of fire. Up the wooded crest we turn our gaze along the Hawthorne path. Here at yon abrupt turn is the spot where Septimius Felton met the young British soldier on that eventful 19th of April, 1775. "Bury me here," said the youth. "A soldier is best buried where he falls." And Septimius in silence obeys.

The rosy gleam is dying out, the waving pines are tossing now against the soft gray of the autumnal sky; but we have

received our bright omen for the future of our beloved Old Concord Chapter. The rosy gleam shall be hers for the beauty of her work, but the pine across the gray sky shall be for the enduring quality of her service for God and for her dear country.

HARRIET M. LOTHROP (MARGARET SIDNEY),
Regent of Old Concord Chapter.



THE MINUTE MAN.

AN ISLAND, AND BEYOND.

* * * * *

TIERRA DE ESTEVAN GOMEZ.



The Earliest Chart showing the Island,
A. D. 1529.

Insulam amœnam, si quæritis, circumspecte.

the lovely tints due, I presume, to lichens and mosses in crannies and on the face of the beetling crags of White Head."

"Next he found the land faire, and the whole coast bold to fall with, and then a safe harbour for shippes to ride in, which hath besides, without the river, in the channell and soundes about the Island adjoyning to the mouth thereof, so desired a road as yt is capable of an infinite number of shippes.

"WILLIAM STRACHEY."

* * * * *

I spent July and August on an island. The name of the island does not appear on the Coast Survey charts, but it lies in $43^{\circ} 38' N.$ and $70^{\circ} 12' W.$ It is one mile and a quarter long; its breadth three-fourths of a mile, with a shore line of five miles.

* * * * *

"I found that maps, drawings, and written accounts of the island had not impressed the more attractive qualities of its scenery upon me in several particulars. It is in parts much wilder and more rugged than I had been led to suppose and has much more beauty of a delicate character, dependent on its minor vegetation and the form, texture, and color of its rocks. Two incidents of its scenery I found particularly enjoyable: one is the rare picturesqueness of certain vertically splintered

rocks close to the south shore, against and among which the full swell of the ocean was surging, * * * with a charm of motion and beauty of color quite indescribable; the other the

Our Island was first described by William Strachey as follows:

"28 August [1607] Captain Raleigh Gilbert departed in the shallop upon a discovery to the Westward and sayled all the daye by many gallant islands. The wynd at night comyng contrary, they came to anchor that night under a headland, by the Indians called Semiamis, the land exceeding good and fertile, as appeared by the trees growing thereon being goodly and great, most oake and walnutt, with spacious passages betweene, and noe rubbish under, and a place most fitt to fortifye on, being by nature fortified on two sides, with a spring of water under yt.

"August 30. They returned homeward before the wynd, sayling by many goodly and gallant islands, for betwixt the said headland, Semiamis, and the river of Sagadahock is a very great bay, in the which there lyeth soe many islands and so thicke and neere together that can hardly be discerned the number, yet may any shipp passe betwixt, the greatest parte of them having seldome lesse water than eight or ten fathome about them. These islands are all overgrown with woods, as oak, walnutt, pine, spruce trees, hasell nuts, sarsaparilla, and hurts in abundance."

The first who settled on Our Island was Captain Christopher Leavett. He took possession in 1623. The ruins of an ancient cellar and what may have been rude earthworks are still traceable upon the northern part of the island and point out the exact location of Captain Leavett's "Good House" and his fortification, and the place has long been known as "Cellar Point."

* * * * *

To those who love wild nature and all the joy that it can bring; to those who love the pursuit of history and archeological investigations, I commend Our Island; and after it there is the old city just across the bay:

"I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea,
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town!

And my youth comes back to me,
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still—
A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

JANE MEADE WELCH.

SIDE LIGHTS OF HISTORY.

IMAGINATION pales before the records of history; yet there is lamentable loss in what may be called the grace of history, chiefly from lack of appreciation of the importance of preserving local color. Now that the busy army of anthropologists is practically enforcing Pope's immortal truism, "The proper study of mankind is man," there probably will be much preserved that would have gone to the waste basket or been forgotten as "auld wives' tales." The recent finding in an old trunk in this city of a letter from President Washington to Dr. Craik is an illustration of how much is continually lost. The records establish the fact that Richard Harrison was first Auditor of the Treasury, and his long and efficient service, but no archive gives such a glow of life to that faithful officer's character as is received from President Washington's letter announcing to an old friend his selection of his son-in-law to fill an office the need of which was keenly felt by the State. He wrote: "Your son-in-law, Richard Harrison (on this I congratulate you)." Does not this sentence give a beautiful atmosphere? Dr. Craik had been young Colonel Washington's devoted friend and watchful physician before the battle of Monongahela, and so remained until in the darkened chamber at Mount Vernon his hand was laid on the closed eyes of the dead patriot—a friendship arching their lives; but it was not that which had caused the selection of Richard Harrison; it was because Dr. Craik could be congratulated upon the virtues of his son-in-law.

Another bit of color is found in this extract from a personal letter—happily preserved—written by Washington to President John Adams:

"If my wishes would be of any avail they would go to you in a strong hope that you will not withhold merited promotion from Mr. John Quincy Adams because he is your son; for without intending to compliment the father or mother, or to censure any others, I give it as a decided opinion that Mr. Adams is the most valuable public character we have abroad, and that he will prove himself to be the ablest of our Diplomatic Corps."

This prediction was amply verified by John Quincy Adams's noble career, from the brilliant young minister then at The Hague to the "old man eloquent" who fell on the floor of the House of Representatives.

The letters from her husband that Mrs. Washington burnt after his death must have been a mine of interest. Washington's estimate of people, his hopes and disappointments, his trials and chagrin at the delays of Congress, his doubts of the truth and final assurance of the treachery of some who were near his person, were all freely confided to the one whom he entirely trusted. Probably these letters would have established some weakness of character in Washington, to discover which a searchlight has been thrown upon his life, but no doubt it was more for the sake of others this wise woman and faithful wife consigned them to the flames. Letters of affection were, of course, too sacred for the world to scan and weigh, but a regret may be allowed for the rare pictures of life, the impetuous philippics or the lofty utterances lost in that conflagration.

I recall how a favorite story of the Revolution was verified in a most unexpected way by an unconscious and unprejudiced witness. An old colored cook was delighting me with highly tinted stories of the grandeur of bygone days in "Ole Ver-ginny," when she described a robe "ob silk all intermixture wid gold, wha' my Ole Mis', Madam Orr, wore to de ball dat wur gibben Mar's General Lafayette."

"Why, mammy, did you belong to the Orr family, and did you ever hear of Colonel Tarleton and the old gander?"

"Hush, chile, warn't I right thar?"

"Then it is true Madam Orr did send Colonel Tarleton the only gander he left on the plantation?" I said, quite excited, for the lofty disdain of this plantation dame had been a picture I liked to believe and I had read but recently that it was a myth.

"Who say hit aint true? Who say so? I 'member like hit wur yistiddy. All de men folks hab gone to de woor—jis Ole Mis an' de chillun, de peopul an' dar chillun, wur lef' on de place—when who cum a ridin' up an' steppin' on de verandy, mity sassy, but de Red Coats. Ob cours', we all made fur de hous' to heah wha' dey hab to say to Ole Mis. My mammy hab

a sickle hiddened under hur apurn an' daddy Jim carried a ole hoss-pistol dat a sojer knock outen his han' up in de airr. We chilluns wur skeered gray. Ole Mis met de Britishers at de doah an' ax um to who she am 'debted fur de honor ob a call. She helt her haid in de airr an' giv um her 'pinion ob de Red Coats, from de King down. Dat made no diffurance; he jis tole his men to help darselves, an' bow low to de madam an' ax fur de gemman ob de house. She say, 'My husban' at fighten fur his country's liberty under de brave Lafayette.' Den he reply back he hope to make de 'quaintance ob de Gineral, an' would tell Captin Orr ob de berry 'greeabul visit he hab.

"All dis time de men kep' stiddy on astealin'. Dey made my mammy unlock de smokehouse, what wur plum full. Dey tuk eberting dat flew an' eberting dat stood on four foot. Den de Kurnul, wid a low bow, pas' de compliments of de day an' gallup off. Ole Mis' stood, wid her haid in de airr, jis same as if dey hab nuver tuk her fine kerridge hoss's, when she heah 'quack, quack' under de verandy. 'What ar dat?' she ax. My brudder Joe, a foasty niggah, say: 'Hit ar de ole gray gander, de onliest one dat am lef'.' 'Catch dat gander an' git on dat ole hoss dey hab lef', obertake Colonel Tarleton, an', wid Madam Orr's compliments, say, "Heah ar de ole lame gray gander; she ar sho' he did not see hit." Joe he lit out, glad to sass um, kase one ub de sojers hit him wid a swoard kase he wouldn't hole de Kurnul's hoss an' let de sojer ramsack wid de tothurs."

"That's fine; but so large a family must have suffered for food?"

"Well, hit wur clos' me'sur'ment, but Ole Mis' hab suthin' hiddened away."

ELIZABETH BRYANT JOHNSTON.

HAMILTON'S LAST SONG.

MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE CHAPTER, Daughters of the American Revolution, Montpelier, Vermont, held its monthly meeting with Mrs. Professor Burgess on Tuesday, November 13. Besides the members, the following gentlemen were present: Hon. Charles Dewey, Judge Carleton, and Messrs. J. C. Houghton, H. N. Taplin, and T. C. Phinney. Mrs. Burgess read several Revolutionary letters and some interesting reminiscences as related by her father, the late Colonel Jewett, concerning the battle of Lake Champlain, September 10, 1813. Chaplain A. N. Lewis read several ballads of the Revolution, and sang the "Ballad of the Drum," which was sung before the Society of the Cincinnati, by General Alexander Hamilton, July 4, 1804, a few days before his fatal duel with Aaron Burr. The circumstances were memorable. On that occasion Hamilton and Burr met for the last time but one. It was at the annual banquet of the society, of which the former was the honored president and the latter an eminent member.

General Hamilton was observed to be cheerful and even merry. As the evening wore away he was pressed to sing his usual song, which was known as "The Ballad of the Drum." It was noticed that he seemed less ready than usual to comply with the request, but after some urging he answered, "Well, you shall have it if you wish." He then sang the ballad in his best style, to the delight of the old Continentals who made up the festive company.

Colonel Burr, on the contrary, was haughtily reserved, mingled but little with his friends, and shunned all intercourse with the president of the society. It was also remembered afterwards that when Hamilton began to sing Burr turned directly toward him and gazed intently at the singer, as though buried in profound thought or immersed in a fit of deep abstraction. He remained thus immovable until the song was ended. Little did those present suspect the deadly import of that look. Hamilton paid no attention to Burr's stony stare, but rendered his song with perfect composure and careful ex-

pression. It would be curious to guess what was passing through Burr's mind while his familiar comrade in the fellowship of camp and battle was thus employed in contributing his efforts to the convivialities of the evening. Did the red wine in the social glass assume a deeper dye in the eyes of the iron colonel, and bring before his mind the tragic possibilities of the even then projected duel?

One week from that day, on the 11th of July, 1804, the fatal meeting between Burr and Hamilton took place at Weehawken, on the Hudson, opposite New York, and at the first fire Hamilton received a wound from which he died the next day. His widow survived him fifty years, dying in 1854, at the age of ninety-seven.

THE DRUM.

Tune—"The Soldier's Joy."

I am a son of Mars,
Who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars
Wherever I come.
This here was for a wench,
And that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French
At the sound of the drum.
CHORUS—Lal de dandle, etc.

My 'prenticeship I pass'd
When my leader breathed his last,
When the bloody die was cast
On the Heights of Abr'am;
I served out my trade
When the gallant game was play'd,
And the Moro low was laid
At the sound of the drum.
Lal de dandle, etc.

I lastly was with Curtis,
Among the floating batt'ries,
And there I left for witness
An arm and a limb;
Yet let my country need me,
With Elliot to lead me,
I'll clatter on my stumps
At the sound of the drum.
Lal de dandle, etc.

And now tho' I must beg,
With a wooden arm and leg,
And many a tatter'd rag

* * * * *
I'm as happy with my wallet,
My bottle and my callet,
As when I used in scarlet
To follow the drum.

Lal de daudle, etc.

What tho' with hoary locks,
I must stand the winter's shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks
Oftentimes for a home !

When the tother bag I sell,
And the tother bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of —,
At the sound of the drum.

Lal de daudle, etc.

Professor Burgess gave an interesting account of the origin of the German family names in southern Vermont and northern Massachusetts. At the battle of Saratoga General Gates, in his anxiety to obtain the surrender of Burgoyne's army, promised that the British troops should be paroled and sent to England on condition that they should not serve again during the war. Washington, knowing that the paroled soldiers would be put into fortifications, thus releasing the garrisons for active service, and fearing that the terms of the protocol might not be kept by the English Government, refused to carry out the paroling of the prisoners. The Hessian soldiers had become disgusted with their enforced service in a cause in which they had no interest and were anxious to desert. During the march across the southern part of Vermont to Boston the prisoners were not guarded closely, and many of the Hessians deserted and hired themselves to the Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts farmers. They married, raised families, and hence came the German names in southern Vermont and elsewhere.

The Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, who hired 22,000 Hessian troops to King George, had an agreement that he should receive, besides their pay, a certain sum for every Hessian soldier who should be dead or missing at the close of the war. He received \$1,500,000 in gold. This was a great sum to the impe-

cunious Landgrave, and he hardly knew what to do with it. One-half he expended in those costly pictures by Rembrandt and other masters, which are still the admiration of travelers, and the other half he invested with a "bucket-shop" broker, whose sign was a red shield ("Roth schild"), and thus was laid the foundation of the wealth of the Rothschilds.

THE SPANISH REMAINDER IN THE UNITED STATES.

[Read before the Buffalo Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.]

IN spite of all efforts to write upon the given subject, this is less an account of the Spanish remainder in the United States than an explanation of the absence of that remainder which, when we call to mind the fact that there was a Spanish beginning in the Southwest as well as an English beginning in the Northeast, we might reasonably expect to find; but the Mexicans remaining in our Southwestern States are by no means the best or most important part of the population, and many are, from their unwillingness to adopt new methods of tillage, a drag on the progress of the States.

The cause of the disappearance of Spanish influence is twofold: First, it had to contend against Anglo-Saxon immigration; second, the ancient Spanish civilization in the provinces now included in the United States was not in itself a kind long to endure.

The design of Spanish colonization has been described as being "the extension of the King's domain, the establishment of the frontier garrisons, the holding of conquered territory against the encroachments of other nations, the civilization of the natives, and the extension of commerce." This design the Spaniards considered best accomplished by three distinct kinds of colony—the military, to hold conquered territory; the missionary, to civilize the natives, and the civil, to extend commerce.

About the presidios or military colonies towns gradually grew up, and it was the intention of the home government that these

towns should in time assume greater importance than the garrisons, and that the latter should be done away with as soon as the country should be sufficiently quiet and well settled to remove all apprehension as to the safety of citizens. Partly with this end in view and partly on account of the continual disorders in the Mexican capital, the presidios were never properly reinforced. At one time the whole military force of the territory of New Mexico consisted of one company. Nevertheless the military governors clung to the semblance of power and delayed as long as possible the transfer of authority to the civilians. Thus at the American conquest few presidios were either thriving towns or efficient army posts.

Of the missionary settlements there were two sorts, of which, respectively, New Mexico and California furnish good examples. In New Mexico the Indian pupils of the missions lived independently in the towns, and the missionaries had no temporal power, their duties and prerogatives being merely those of parish priests. Under this system the Indians were not very thoroughly taught, and many of them were Christians in name only.

The Californian mission was a State in a State. A law forbade any white man not a missionary to settle within five miles of a mission. Thus by establishing missions at intervals of ten miles the missionaries, Franciscan friars, obtained control of long stretches of the most desirable country. In these missions the Indians lived under the rule of the friars. They went through the form of electing magistrates of their own race, but all elections were subject to the approval of the friars. The mission, like the presidio, was intended to give way in time to the civil colony, but the jealousy of the missionaries, like the jealousy of the military governors, interfered with this plan, the fulfillment of which in regard to the missions was continually delayed on the plea that the Indians were not well enough instructed in their duties as citizens to live in the towns on an equality with the whites. Indeed, in the making of good citizens the missions were a decided failure, for the friars were not particularly good citizens themselves, loyalty to the superiors of their order coming before loyalty to law or country. In preventing the Indians of the missions from associating with white

men their protectors ruined their only chance of prosperity, since it was clearly impossible for an independant Indian government to succeed in a country once conquered by Europeans.

In the one colony designed to be permanent—the pueblo or town—everything was made easy for the colonists. Settlers received land, live stock, and a salary for five years, and other property was given to the town for use by all the settlers in common. Taking into consideration the fertility of the soil and the cheapness of Indian labor, the conditions were far too easy, and the settlers, who might under hardship have developed the courage and endurance which are the glory of the Spanish character, displayed instead the equally Spanish traits of laziness and cruelty. Moreover, many of them were, to start with, convicts or paupers—not fit men to build a state.

It was, then, a Spanish remainder of laughably weak garrisons, towns crippled by the sloth of their citizens, missionaries not in harmony with either the civil or military authority, and Indians tamed and converted, but not enfranchised, that the Americans found in the Southwest; and it is not strange that a civilization of such a sort should have left no very indelible mark on the life and character of the United States.

EMILY SEYMOUR COIT.

AN EARLY INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

[Related by a Daughter of the chief actor.]

I AM reminded of an incident of the American Revolution connected with the British sloop of war "Falcon," an inconsiderable affair in itself and of importance only in one respect, that of giving Fair Haven the honor of having made the first capture of the King's forces by sea in the War of the Revolution.

I have often heard my father relate the story in detail, and I now regret very much having forgotten many of its features. It, however, runs thus:

On Saturday afternoon about three weeks after the battle at Lexington the Minute company commanded by himself and the

militia company commanded by Captain Egery were paraded together for exercise, Captain Spooner being drummer for both. A man, my father's narrative continued, came express from up the bay, and informed Egery and himself that two sloops, one belonging to my father, had been captured by boats from a twenty-gun ship, then lying in Tarpaulin Cove, and that these sloops had been manned and were lying in the bay as decoy cruisers. My father wished to devise some expedient at once for recapture, thus to prevent other ships bound in from being preyed upon. It was supposed, as this ship was presumed to have come from Boston, that the enemy's intention was to catch a mosquito fleet and load it for Boston with cattle from the islands.

It was soon arranged that an old sloop called the "Success," then lying dismantled at the wharf, should be procured, the owners of the captured sloops to become responsible in case of loss for one-half of the value, which was in all about \$400, and the captains and their friends for the other half. This arrangement concluded, the men of both companies were ordered to stand in line and it was then announced to them that volunteers were wanted for a secret expedition that night, and that at the beat of the drum those who would go on the roll should advance two paces to the front. Captain Glig, so Spooner was called, was ordered to strike up; whereupon every man, about fifty in all, advanced two paces.

They were then told that for want of accommodation only about one-half could be taken, and it was settled by lot drawn on the drumhead who should stay behind.

The old sloop was then rigged and fitted out with all possible dispatch, and at nine o'clock at night, with about twenty-five aboard, the "Success" shoved off. The night was mild and still, and a short time after departure it became heavily overcast with a thick fog. They made but little progress, finding at break of day that they had been carried by the flood tide, as they supposed, near the ledge about Scontacut Point.

The order of the night had been that father, who was a sailor, and one other (not recollected) should keep the deck, while Egery, not a sailor, with Captain Glig, should remain in the cabin, the rest of them in the hold (hatches off) ready for a jump

when wanted, Egery to be signaled to for concerted action by a foot-tap on deck by father, and the men in the hold by a tap of Captain Glig's drum.

As the morning became gray, and while they were drifting on the tide with no wind, father being at the helm, they made out one of the sloops at anchor a few rods from them, directly under their tide lea.

Egery, who had been called upon deck, at once went below to prepare for a jump should circumstances require it, giving his orders for preparation through the bulkhead.

There were but two men on deck of the anchored sloop, a marine and a sailor. The sailor hailed, saying, "Sheer off; you'll be afoul!" "Ay, ay!" was the reply. At this moment the marine commenced to load his musket, and, standing with his back toward them, had his arm raised to drive down the cartridge when Captain Glig tapped his drum. The marine dropped his musket as if his arm had been cut off, and then seized an axe to cut the cable, while the sailor ran out on the bowsprit to loose the jib, looking backward over his shoulder at the enemy on the "Success." Captain Egery, with his men, came upon the deck with a bound, and, telling them to level their guns, ordered the marine to drop his axe at first hail. All this was crowded into the space of a moment. The "Success" was then hauled alongside and Egery and his men leaped on board.

The enemy's crew, a jolly set of middies, etc., were below, and were only aroused by the rap of the "Success." They submitted without hesitation. I forget how many there were, but I think ten or twelve. The "Success" was now anchored, the prisoners were disarmed and placed in the cabin and secured there by fastening all down safely, the prize was placed in the hands of father and two other well-armed men to take in, and the "Success" prepared for pursuit of the other sloop, which they were told was in the bay, but they did not know where. With the appearance of the sun came a gentle breeze from the southwest and a clear sky. Both sloops weighed anchor, and, tacking to the windward, continued together until a sloop was discovered at anchor, squared away for port. The "Success" gave chase, while the prize made for harbor and anchored.

The "Success" beat up until within a mile or two, when the sloop at anchor hove to, and then ran down toward her. On approaching, each recognized the character of the other and a brush ensued, lasting some time, during which several were wounded, but whether any of the company on the "Success" were hit I do not remember.

It being discovered by Egery that an officer in the King's livery would occasionally look out from the cabin, give an order, and then dodge back, he ordered one of his good shots—I do not recollect his name—to step behind the mast and drop that fellow when he showed himself again, so they could know him. The man did so, shooting him down at the first fire, and the Englishman struck.

The Englishman had, I think, about fifteen men; in all, twenty-five or twenty-seven. They were well armed, but had no cannon. The "Success" had every description of gun from a bird to a duck fowling piece; also a swivel gun lashed by a rope to the side of a timber head; but this piece, being more loyal than the patriots of the "Success," at first fire kicked out of the traces and leaped overboard. Both prizes were brought in on Sunday morning before meeting time and the prisoners were landed and locked up.

The trophies of victory were twenty-five King's arms, with pistols, swords, etc. Father's share of this plunder was a King's arms and accouterments, which weighed fifteen pounds, a sword with a black ebony hilt, both hilt and scabbard trimmed with silver, and having a silver chain running from the guard to the end of the hilt.

LUCY B. FISH,
Late of Fairhaven, Massachusetts.



WHAT WE ARE DOING.

REMINISCENCES OF THE DAUGHTERS OF LIBERTY.

[Read before the Gaspee Chapter of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, at "Hopeton House," Providence, R. I., the home of the Regent, Mrs. Robert H. I. Goddard, February 22, 1894.]

THERE is from year to year a growing interest in reminiscences of the past. The increasing popular taste is not confined merely to Colonial and Revolutionary histories, but the person interested adds to these gleanings from old newspapers, unpublished manuscripts, family letters, and last, but not least, family traditions.

The "olden time" has given us much to be proud of. It is for the present generation to draw from its rich resources. The Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution is doing just that work. Each Chapter stands for noble people and grand deeds. Each Chapter, in its own locality, is teaching the value of American ancestry. The Daughters are not dealing entirely with the interesting references to their forefathers, which they are glad and proud to find in the Colonial records of the several States, but they are getting together everything that relates to the home life and the social side of the patriotic men and women whom they are honoring to-day as ancestors.

At the last meeting of the Gaspee Chapter a paper upon "The Daughters of Liberty" was most ably presented. It was thought advisable to continue the subject, and to me was assigned the pleasure of writing upon the social standing and life of the women who formed that society.

While I cannot prove it, I am convinced that there must have been something that corresponded to our Chapters, for we know that there were meetings held both in Providence and Newport. I can find nothing more than Miss Greene gave about the Providence Society. Having had two relatives in the Newport Coterie I am able to give somewhat of an account of that branch of the Daughters of Liberty.

First, I venture to express an individual opinion in regard to the origin of the name of the society. By research we find that there was an organization about that time known as "The Sons of Liberty." I believe that the women of those days were not unlike the women of to-day; they wanted to be recognized by the spirit of patriotism, and, following the example of "The Sons," met together and called themselves "The Daughters." Can we say that history does not repeat?

We know that there was a strong bond between "The Sons" and "The Daughters." They used to meet together, and under the genial influences of the tea parties of those days discussed the trials of the time.

There is a valuable reminder of those meetings, a relic of that period, owned to-day by a family represented in the Gaspee Chapter. I refer to a round mahogany table owned in the Vernon family—a table at which Betsy Ellery, a Newport belle, a Daughter of Liberty, presided. Of Miss Ellery I shall speak later.

Having briefly considered the origin of the name, we will now proceed to an imperfect list of its members.

Heading the list we find the names of Polly and Elizabeth Lawton, daughters of Robert Lawton. I have always heard that the first meeting was held at their father's house, corner of Spring and Touro streets, Newport. Robert Lawton was a man of wealth, and ranked socially with the best families of Newport. He married Massy Easton, "a lineal descendant of Nicholas Easton, a Colonial Governor of Rhode Island." Mrs. Lawton's marriage portion was large and very valuable. We read that "with much other property, she brought her husband sixteen slaves, among them Black Sam Easton," a well-known negro servant. It was this Sam who informed a French officer that "the Britishers better not trouble Newport much more, or Miss Desire's husband would let loose upon them." "Miss Desire's husband" did not stand for any one in particular to the officer, and more to hear Sam talk than anything else, he asked what this husband could do about it. Sam, with unutterable scorn, replied: "Miss Desire's husband is next to *General* Washington and commands all the boats." It is perhaps needless to explain that the negro referred to the distinguished naval

officer, Commodore Esek Hopkins, who married Miss Desire Burroughs, of Newport. Knowing there were representatives of this family in the Gaspee Chapter, I felt sure I would be pardoned if I digressed and gave this anecdote. To return to the Lawton family. In old letters we find that French officers with their servants were quartered in the "west rooms," and that "the daughters as well as the other members of this Quaker family were very patriotic." Polly has lived and will continue to live as a famous Revolutionary belle. It may be that General Washington added to her prestige of being an acknowledged beauty by choosing her for a partner to open one of the brilliant Newport balls. Let us, however, turn back to the past and quote from one who knew her. Count Ségur said of her: "So much beauty, so much simplicity, so much elegance, so much modesty were perhaps never before combined in the same person. Her gown was white like herself, whilst her ample muslin neckerchief and the envious cambric of her cap, which scarcely allowed me to see her light-colored hair, and the modest attire, in short, of a pious virgin, seemed vainly to endeavor to conceal the most graceful figure and the most beautiful form imaginable. She was a nymph rather than a woman. Her eyes seemed to reflect as a mirror the meekness and purity of her mind and the goodness of her heart. She received us with an open ingenuousness which delighted me, and the use of the familiar word *thou*, which the rules of her sect prescribed, gave to our new acquaintance the appearance of an old friendship." Would time allow, I might quote other distinguished persons in regard to her mental and physical charms. In 1787 she married John Bringham, a prominent Philadelphian, of the Society of Friends. The marriage was a grand social event. Mrs. Bringham's life was a brilliant one socially, and there are many interesting reminiscences about her visits to the Presidential mansion.

Her married life, though bright, was brief. She had only been married six years and was only thirty-two years old when she died. There had been romance connected with her life. It did not end with death. According to family tradition, "her young husband died a short time after of a broken heart." We of the nineteenth century would have inquired more particu-

larly into the symptoms. However, we do know that John Bringhurst was never the same after his wife died, and he always wore a miniature, containing a lock of her hair, around his neck, and when he died this locket passed into the Lawton family. It was from this miniature that the life-size portrait in Redwood Library, Newport, was painted.

Elizabeth Lawton comes next upon the list. She has been described as a fine-looking woman, "with a carriage of unusual grace and gentility, heightened by an elegant simplicity of attire." Prince De Broglie, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Polly Lawton, spoke of Elizabeth thus: "Polly had a sister, dressed like herself and of very agreeable appearance, but one had not time to look at her while her elder sister was present." Although it is said that she had a number of admirers, she did not marry.

Margaret Champlin was another Revolutionary belle and Daughter of Liberty. Her father was a very successful merchant. It was at his house on Thames street that the "Daughters" held their second meeting. Mr. Champlin was, I have been told, the first Grand Master of Masons in Rhode Island. His wife was the daughter of Sueton Grant, and was a woman of great strength of character. Her children of this marriage were all more or less remarkable. Margaret was the most beautiful and the most accomplished. General Washington, at the ball given at Mrs. Cowley's assembly room, on Church Street, chose her for his partner. Requesting her to select the dance, she immediately chose "A Successful Campaign," one of the popular dances of the time. This was a memorable dance. The General showed his appreciation of her wit; the French officers present were so delighted with her reply that they insisted upon being the musicians for the time, and played with great enthusiasm while General Washington and Miss Champlin led "the stately minuet." Miss Champlin was a fine French scholar, with a decided literary taste. She married Dr. Benjamin Mason, of Newport, who studied medicine with Dr. Isaac Senter, the celebrated surgeon, who was with Arnold in the attack upon Quebec in 1775. Dr. Senter married the beautiful Eliza Arnold, daughter of Captain Rhodes Arnold, and I believe she must have been a Daughter of Liberty.

Margaret Champlin had two sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, both of whom were identified with the "Daughters." Mary married an English officer and went to England to live. Elizabeth married John Coffin Jones, of Boston. It was for this sister that Margaret named her eldest daughter, and that daughter married Commodore Oliver H. Perry, United States Navy.

Among the other courtesies extended to General Washington was a tea party given by Christopher Ellery, one of Newport's most influential citizens. Mr. Ellery was then a widower, and his daughter, known among the French officers as "the fair Betsy," presided. She had such a severe cold that General Washington expressed much solicitude, and said that he would recommend a remedy that he used if he felt at all sure that she would take it. Miss Ellery's reply is as well remembered as Miss Champlin's of another occasion. Without a moment's hesitation Miss Ellery said: "I am sure I would take any remedy that General Washington would propose." The General and the French officers standing near were delighted with her charming manner. The remedy, "onions boiled in molasses," was speedily tried and General Washington informed in due time that it had given relief. Miss Ellery afterwards married William Vernon's son Samuel, a prominent Newport merchant.

Emerson said: "Old and new make the warp and woof of every moment. There is no thread that is not a twist of these two strands. By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight we all quote." I illustrate these words by turning to another for an incident relative to Miss Ellery: "During the Frenchmen's occupation of Newport, a gallant young French surgeon paid Miss Ellery polite attention. Soon after her marriage, in 1784, she received from Paris an envelope addressed to her in the handwriting of the young officer, but containing only two leaves, a withered one and an evergreen."

Martha Redwood Ellery, daughter of Benjamin and Mehitabel Redwood Ellery, granddaughter of Abraham Redwood, was another Daughter of Liberty. She married Christopher Grant Champlin, a man of much political prominence.

Ann Vernon, in Ellery's "Vernon Genealogy," is called "one of the sprightliest wits of Newport Colonial society." She married Dr. David Olyphant, a medical director "of the Armies

of the Carolinas under Generals Gates and Greene." Mrs. Olyphant will be remembered not only as a Daughter of Liberty, but as one of the graces of Newport society."

Miss Brinley, daughter of Thomas Brinley, Esq., was called by Prince De Broglie "a beautiful woman." He speaks of her as follows: "Miss Brinley, Miss Sylvan, and some other ladies, to whom I was introduced after having quitted the lovely Quakeress, Polly Lawton, convinced me that Newport possessed more than one rosebud."

Polly (or Mary) Wanton, the daughter of John G. and Mary (Bull) Wanton, the granddaughter of Governor Gideon Wanton on the paternal side, the granddaughter of Governor Henry Bull on the maternal side, is my next subject. She was a great favorite in Colonial society, and greatly admired by the French officers. Her most intimate friend and cousin, Polly Bull, was likewise a great favorite, and there used to be many an argument held over the comparative charms of these ladies. Finally, an ardent admirer of Polly Wanton argued in this way: "Polly Bull is very handsome, but Polly Wanton is very charming and cunning." The late Mr. Stone, to whom I am indebted for information, said that the word "cunning" was used in the sense of being superior in intelligence." I do not know whether Polly Bull ever married.

Polly Wanton became the wife of Colonel Daniel Lyman, and was the mother of thirteen children; a number of the children married into some of the most prominent Providence families, and there must be a number of Daughters of the American Revolution in this Chapter to honor Polly Wanton as a Daughter of Liberty.

Lucy Ellery, daughter of William Ellery, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was another "Daughter." Miss Ellery was endowed with a fine reasoning mind. It has been said that this charmed William Channing as much as her beauty attracted him. This was a great compliment to Miss Ellery, for Mr. Channing was regarded as a clever man by eminent men like Attorney-General Oliver Arnold and Asher Robbins. Can we wonder that the children of the Channing-Ellery marriage were all brilliant and eminent men?

Elizabeth and Mary Anthony were, I think, the daughters of

Elisha Anthony. Mr. Anthony has been represented by some as living in Warwick, but in an old letter in my possession from his grandson I find that in Revolutionary times he lived in Newport, corner of Maine and King Streets. I think King Street is now called Franklin Street.

If I am right in my supposition that Elizabeth and Mary Anthony were his daughters, then of their father I can say that he absolutely refused to take off his hat to General Prescott, and when the General ordered his servant to remove it, Friend Anthony immediately picked up the offending hat and said he bared his head to no one but his Maker. Elizabeth married Christopher G. Robinson and Mary married Rodman Gardner.

There are two "Daughters" of whom I can learn but little. We know that Easton was a prominent Newport name, but beyond the facts that Patience and Sally Easton were members of the society, and that Patience married George Irish and Sally married John Ladd, I can find nothing more about them.

Freelove Fenner, daughter of James and Freelove Whipple Fenner, was another "Daughter," and must have been a member of the Providence Society. She was a beautiful woman and was especially noticed by General Lafayette at the magnificent reception given in his honor by Governor Fenner, at his own house, "What Cheer."

During this reception the General showed Miss Fenner marked attention, "and when going away unpinned a badge or rosette called the tricolor, which he wore under his waistcoat, and, giving it to her, asked her not to forget him while the colors remained bright." This badge is in the possession of Miss Elizabeth B. Dexter, a grandniece of Freelove Fenner, and, with the Washington badge, worn by another Daughter of Liberty and owned by the writer of this paper, together with the famous Ellery table, the property of Mr. John W. Vernon, connect the present with the past and make the Daughters of Colonial times even more real to the Gaspee Daughters.

To return to Freelove Fenner. Her life was a bright one, but not a long one. She did not marry, and was only about thirty-five years old when she died.

There must have been many more loyal women identified with the Daughters of Liberty, but I can find no record of their names.

It is a fact that in Providence and the neighboring towns there were wives and daughters whose patriotism equaled that of the women of the other section of the Colony. The names of Greene, Hopkins, Arnold, Bowen, Talbot, Field, Aborn, with many others, suggest brave men and loyal women; and while I cannot prove that the women of these families were Daughters of Liberty, I as thoroughly believe it as though I held a list and read to you the names of Catherine Greene, Mary Bowen, Sally Arnold, Desire Hopkins, Polly Arnold, Betsy Bowen, Sally and Eliza Arnold (daughters of Captain Rhodes Arnold), Sarah Whipple, Cynthia Aborn, Sally Walker, Sally Church, and others whose names are more familiar to you than to me.

MRS. RICHARD JACKSON BARKER.

PATRIOTISM IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., *November 10, 1894.*

DEAR EDITOR: I feel sure that it will be of interest to every earnest worker in the Daughters of the American Revolution to know what is and can be done to fulfill the obligations that rest upon us as American Daughters. I inclose a paper upon "Patriotism in the Public Schools." You will observe we have followed in part the lead of San Francisco, whose Board of Education was highly commended by the Sons of the American Revolution and by the AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

I wish every Chapter throughout the United States could be influenced to do work of this kind. It is all very well to commemorate and live over again the Revolutionary struggle, and it has a good effect among our members, but there are just as heroic battles to be fought in the present time and in the near future—battles for the preservation of our national institutions, battles for the maintenance of good government, battles for civilizing and christianizing our foreign-born citizens, and the

victory depends upon the patriotic spirit of the present and rising generations.

Very respectfully, yours,

MRS. ELIZABETH COX SULLIVAN.

PATRIOTISM IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS—AN APPEAL FROM THE
AMERICAN DAUGHTERS OF MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY.

The following petition has been presented to our Board of Education. As will be seen by extracts from letters relative thereto, it has been approved by the board and superintendent and goes into effect at once :

To the Montclair Public School Board :

GENTLEMEN : Believing that the Montclair public schools are in the foremost ranks of progressive education, a committee from the Daughters of the American Revolution presents for your consideration the following facts :

We begin with the underlying principle of our National life, viz, each individual is personally responsible for the maintenance of good government and for the defense of our National institutions. All thoughtful people who comprehend the dangers that at present menace us as a nation are advocating a more thorough education of the young in the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. The widespread tendency in the commercial classes to withhold themselves from individual responsibility increases the seriousness of the situation and renders action the more imperative.

In view of these facts, the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, an organization numbering seven thousand women, representing every State in the Union, is urging that greater attention be given in the schools to the study of the principles upon which our Nation is founded, and further cultivating the sentiment of patriotism and respect for our free institutions.

The following resolution, modified to suit the needs of various localities, has already been adopted by several boards of education, and influence is being used by the Sons of the American Revolution and the Daughters of the American Revolution with a view to having every board of education throughout the land adopt a similar plan of action :

Resolved, That the last Friday afternoon of each calendar month be set aside for the purpose of holding patriotic and general exercises in the grammar and primary schools of the town of Montclair, which shall consist of, first, recitations of a patriotic character, singing of patriotic hymns, and instruction by the teachers in the principles of our Government and the duties and dignities of American citizenship ; second, general instruction in the principles of morality, truth, and justice as re-

quired by the State law and the rules of the Board of Education ; third, general exercises within the discretion of the principal. The American flag shall be raised on important anniversaries at the school buildings, and also on the days when patriotic exercises are held.

Respectfully submitted by local members of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

MRS. STEPHEN W. CAREY.

MRS. THEODORE G. SULLIVAN.

MRS. JOHN PORTER.

MRS. JOHN B. HAWES.

MONTCLAIR, *September 29, 1894.*

The following reply was received to the foregoing communication :

BOARD OF EDUCATION,
MONTCLAIR, N. J., *October 25, 1894.*

Mrs. S. W. Carey, Chairman of the Daughters of the American Revolution Committee :

MADAM : In behalf of the Board of Education of the town of Montclair, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a communication signed by yourself and other ladies, representing the Daughters of the American Revolution, asking that attention be given in our public schools to the principles upon which this Nation was founded, and the cultivation of patriotic sentiments, etc.

The Board of Education appreciate the kindness and the patriotism of the Daughters of the American Revolution in calling their attention to the subject, and have directed the Superintendent of Public Schools to immediately take such action as will comply with your request.

I am, very respectfully,

JOHN J. H. LOVE, *Clerk.*

A letter from Superintendent Spaulding, addressed to the chairman of the committee of the Daughters of the American Revolution, says: "I have laid the matter before our teachers, and it is understood that a portion of the last Friday in the month is to be given to patriotic exercises. A list of days on which the flag shall be raised has been sent to me from your committee and is now in the hands of the ninth-grade teachers for final revision."

These teachers have shown especial interest in their work, carefully revising and arranging a programme that cannot fail to be appreciated by all students of local as well as national history.

The United States flag will be raised at the public schools of Montclair on the following dates:

January.—1st: Emancipation Proclamation signed by Abraham Lincoln, 1863. First day of new term. 3d: Battle of Princeton, 1777. 8th: Battle of New Orleans, 1815.

February.—12th: Abraham Lincoln born, 1809. 22d: George Washington born, 1732. (Flags to be raised on 21st.)

March.—4th: Inauguration Day. Adoption of Short Law in Montclair, 1894. 9th: Battle between Merrimac and Monitor, 1862. 17th: Evacuation of Boston, 1776.

April.—First day of new term. 9th: Lee's surrender, 1865. 22d: U. S. Grant born, 1822. Arbor Day. (Flags to be raised on the date of exercises.)

May.—10th: First transcontinental railroad completed, 1869. 30th: Memorial Day. (Flags at half-mast.)

June.—14th: Present flag adopted by Congress, 1777. 17th: Battle of Bunker Hill. Closing day of school year.

September.—First day of the new term. 17th: Constitution adopted by United States, 1787.

October.—12th: Columbus Day, America discovered, 1492. 17th: Surrender of Burgoyne, 1777. 19th: Surrender of Cornwallis, 1781.

November.—State election day. 7th: Capture of Port Royal, 1861. 25th: New York evacuated, 1783.

December.—First Monday United States Congress assembles. 21st: Landing of Pilgrim Fathers, 1620.

This list is subject to amendment from time to time. The reasons for flying the flag are to be explained to the pupils.

FLAG PRESENTATION.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY eager, expectant children, inmates of the Protestant Orphan Asylum of San Francisco, assembled in the Chapel of that institution on the afternoon of October 19, the one hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, to greet the flag of our country, which the California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution had arranged to present them. Shortly after two o'clock a com-

mittee of "Sons," consisting of Major Edward Hunter, United States Army; Dr. C. J. Burnham, Mr. Mark L. Requa, and the President of the Society, Charles J. King; the Registrar, Colonel A. S. Hubbard, and several members, arrived at the asylum and were received by the Board of Lady Managers, of which Mrs. William Alvord, the first Regent of Sequoia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, is President, and who presided over the exercises.

In presenting the flag, Major Hunter spoke in part as follows:

MY YOUNG FRIENDS: The California Sons of the American Revolution have made Dr. Burnham, Mr. Requa, and myself their agents to deliver to you a gift which these "Sons" have thoughtfully provided to enable your home to suitably display the colors of your country. These descendants of the men of '76 hold that in patriotic citizenship lies the safety of your country, and that to attempt to teach you love of country without the aid of your flag would be as irrational as to try to teach you the principles of religion without the assistance of its cross.

The mission of this gift of the "Sons" is, therefore, one of education and, my young friends, it is directed to you, concerning whose future citizenship the "Sons" are anxious and whose hearts they seek to direct into a love of America by making her flag dear in your sight.

If you were to walk out of this building, after to-day's sun goes down, into the open air and look up, you would see the blue field and white stars that have furnished the emblems for that part of your flag called the union; and this union, borrowed from the heavens, is intended to make you think of your Union of States as existing forever in peace and friendship and, like the stars, "forever singing as they shine, the hand that made us is divine," ordained and sustained by your Father who art in Heaven.

The other portion of your flag consists of horizontal stripes of equal breadth, alternately red and white, beginning with the red, which is the color of the blood that it is your duty to shed, if necessary, in its defense, and the red and white together signify that blood and purity are symbolized in your banner; and to me they signify, as well, that purity of blood is the surest prop of any nation.

I feel that the Sons of the American Revolution would consider my duty as indifferently performed if I failed to tell you that the stars and stripes were first adopted by Congress as the flag of your country in June, 1777, and that Washington was the chairman of the committee that designed it. The rough draft of their design is now in the State Department at Washington; and linked with this draft is the good old-fashioned name "Betsy Ross," the young woman skilled in needlework to whom Washington submitted this draft, and who made from it the flag that was shown to Congress and made the standard of the United States.

The hand of woman is seen not only in the design of your flag, but also in the events it memorizes, and your future citizenship must here receive its bent from the hands of those loyal women whose duty and pleasure it is to watch over you ; and if this flag proves to them in any, the least, degree a help in their efforts to incline your hearts to love your country, every Son of our patriotic order will rejoice that his Society's gift is made to you an object-lesson in patriotism, and he will feel that he is abundantly repaid for that which he has contributed to your pleasure and profit.

And this day on which you are gathered here to receive this flag deserves your notice and remembrance—it is the one hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis to our General Washington, an event that was the beginning of the end of our forefathers' struggle for independence, and that uplifted this banner, so young and drooping few were willing to do it reverence ; but now it has become so old and glorious there is among men no prouder distinction than that of being born under the red, white, and blue.

Do not think of your flag as being no more than a bright-colored banner to be carried in street parades, or merely an ensign to be raised over forts and ships and defended by soldiers and sailors, but rather regard it as a sacred object of love and reverence ; and, boys, whenever it is carried past take off your caps in token of your respect for the majesty of its glory, and as you fix your eyes upon it and feel your hearts vibrating from emotions of pride, pray silently in your thoughts : " Father, I thank thee that I am an American, and I pray thee help me to daily increase in that spirit of Americanism symbolized in to-day's gift of the Sons of the American Revolution until my flag becomes to me more precious than my blood and as sacred as my religion."

And that this spirit of loyalty may pervade this institution and every heart within it is the benediction of the " Sons " who now commit to your care this standard of your country.

At the conclusion of the address, simple in character, as adapted to the youthful minds to whom it was directed, yet teeming with patriotic sentiment, Master Herbert Arthur, a lad fourteen years of age, accepted on behalf of the asylum the beautiful symbol in a manner that would have reflected credit upon a person of mature years. As the flag was being unfurled two hundred and fifty children, at a signal from the President, arose in a body and saluted the National emblem.

Singing of patriotic songs followed Major Hunter's speech. The " Star Spangled Banner " and " America " were sung with much enthusiasm by a large chorus of little voices, and after the interchange of social courtesies the visitors took leave of their little friends, feeling it " was good to have been there."

Great credit is due the Board of Managers of the institution for the excellent manner in which the programme was carried out, and their kind and judicious management of the children under their control was highly commended.

The next flag presentation by the "Sons" will take place in the near future, at the Hebrew Orphan Asylum.

HOW WE SPENT INDEPENDENCE DAY.

THERE are epochs in every life; it may be that some are periods of joy and gladness, while others are marked by sorrow and sadness; but these periods are impressed upon the memory, and as we look back over the horologe of time, in fancy we note the most important events. In happy childhood all is joyful, and time is counted, with the ardent vivacity of youth and hopeful anticipation, by birthdays, Thanksgiving time, Christmas-tide, and Fourth of July; and as we advance down life's pathway these early impressions still cling to us like ivy to an old wall, and we cherish the memories of bygone days and scenes. I well remember with what pleasure I looked forward to all of these holidays, and especially to Independence Day, when all the children in the Sabbath and public schools were gathered for the purpose of celebrating with patriotic songs and festivities the nation's birthday. Those days are gone, and it is seldom now that we hear of Fourth of July celebrations or are aware that it is in commemoration of our freedom, except by the firing of crackers and pistols by boys and men who apparently have no conception of the real meaning of the event; but these memories of days gone by were revived, and the patriotic fires long smoldering in the bosoms of the Daughters of the Revolution were fully aroused on July 4, 1894.

In a letter which John Adams wrote to a friend the day after the passage of the Declaration of Independence, he said: "Yesterday the greatest question was decided that was ever debated in America, and greater perhaps never was or will be decided by men. A resolution was passed, without one dissenting Colony, that these United States are and of right ought to be free and independent States. The day it passed, Fourth of July, 1776, will be a memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to be-

lieve it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward and forever. You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost to maintain this declaration and support and defend these States, yet through all the gloom I can see the rays of light and glory. I can see that the end is worth more than all the means, and that posterity will triumph, although you and I may rue it, which I hope we shall not."

By a felicitous coincidence Adams and Jefferson died on the Fourth of July, 1826, the anniversary of the occasion which they had done so much to render memorable. In closing his speech before that Continental Congress, Mr. Adams said: "But whatever may be our fate, be assured that this Declaration will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious and immortal day. When we are in our graves our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivities, and with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears—copious gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation of gratitude and of joy." It was indeed his living sentiment and also his dying sentiment, and his eloquence and enthusiasm and patriotism have been instilled into all lovers of liberty from that time unto the present, and the nation's birthday, as the great orator and statesman predicted, is now celebrated with joyous festivities and with grateful thanksgiving to those noble men who fought and bled and died that our country might be free. Our country, your country, and my country "'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty"—

Land where our fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

But my purpose is to tell you how we, the Daughters of the American Revolution, of the John Marshall Chapter, celebrated the Fourth of July, 1894. It will indeed be a memorable day to us. This was the last meeting for the summer, and although there were many Daughters absent on their summer outing, yet we had a very fair representation. The morning sun arose bright and warm, but before the hour appointed to meet the sky was overcast, and remained so during the entire day, which made it all the more comfortable for those who assembled at the residence of Mrs. John A. Larrabee, in the Highlands, en route to "Homewood," the beautiful country place of Mrs. Laura Talbot Ross, which was reached via the Beargrass Railroad to the second toll-gate on the Jefferson town turnpike, where carriages were awaiting to convey us to our destination. It was a lovely sight that greeted our eyes as we neared the beautiful grove which surrounds the residence. Among the trees were suspended different-colored hammocks, and here and there amid the green foliage the Stars and Stripes floated gracefully, while below were benches, chairs, and tables scattered in all directions for the comfort of the guests. Amid this scene stood Mrs. Ross and her lovely daughters and grandsons, who gave us a hearty welcome to Homewood, where in a little while we threw aside all restraint and felt as free and as happy as the feathered songsters, who seemed to be telling us that it was Freedom's natal day. For a time we, like caged birds let loose, wandered around the garden and grounds, culling nosegays and buttoniers and enjoying the fragrance of the flowers, while our heated bodies were cooled by the delightful zephyr breezes and our parched throats were moistened by frequent draughts from a sparkling spring whose water seemed to have flowed from some snow-capped region of the northland. As there is no happiness in this world without children, our party would indeed have been incomplete without these sweet innocents, who made the occasion one of boisterous hilarity with their torpedoes, toy cannons, and shooting crackers. It certainly would have been very gratifying to John Adams could he have been with us on this glorious occasion. At the ringing of a bell, all assembled in the spacious parlors to listen to the reading of the Declaration of Independence; then several national songs were sung by all,

both large and small, with great earnestness, and the words of John Adams were continually in my mind: "When we are all in our graves our children will honor it," and so they did on this day, one hundred and eighteen years after. After the exercises were over we returned to the grove, where was spread a most sumptuous repast, to which all did ample justice. The afternoon was spent by the children in riding around the grounds, while the elder folks lazily lounged and watched them. At 4 p. m. we were again refreshed with ice cream, sherbet, and cake, and the time slipped by so rapidly and pleasantly that we were loath to leave. We took our departure regretting that the day was so short, but the memory of that Fourth of July and our delightful hostesses will dwell forever in the hearts of the members of the John Marshall Chapter.

HARRIET BULKLEY LARRABEE,

Historian.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE—OCTOBER 18, 1894.

[Delivered at the entertainment given at the residence of Miss Denny, in Pittsburg, for the benefit of the Block House Fund.]

WE, members of the Pittsburg Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, proud possessors, through the generosity of our donor, of that memorably historic building, the Block House, invite you to celebrate with us to-day an occasion very memorable in its history—an occasion marked not by war, bloodshed, and suffering, of which this now revered spot has so often been the scene, but by the peaceful entertainment of a guest all but royal—

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
Broad-minded high-souled, there is but one
Who was all this, and ours and all men's, Washington.

In the midst of the popular turmoil immediately prior to the outbreak of the Revolution and after twelve years of quiet life in his Mount Vernon home, during which time his marriage was consummated, Washington, in the year 1770, chronicles in his journal a tour of the Ohio River. Leaving Virginia the 5th day of October, Fort Pitt, embryo of the Pittsburg which

to-day sits enveloped in the smoke of its thousand industries, is reached after twelve days of travel; and, as we so nearly approach the date of the day we are invited to celebrate, his own words from his journal will come to us with a force unrivaled by those of any historian:

[October] 17th. Arrived at Fort Pitt. Lodged in what is called the town, distant about three hundred yards from the fort, at a very good house of public entertainment. These houses, which are built of logs and ranged into streets, are on the Monongahela, and, I suppose, may be about twenty in number, and inhabited by Indian traders. The fort is built on the point between the Rivers Allegheny and Monongahela, but not so near the pitch of it as Fort Duquesne stood. It is five-sided and regular, two of which, next the land, are of brick; the others stockade. A moat encompasses it. The garrison consists of two companies of Royal Irish.

18th. Dined in the fort with Colonel Croghan and the officers of the garrison; supped there also, meeting with great civility from the gentlemen, and engaged to dine with Colonel Croghan the next day at his seat, about four miles up the Allegheny.

One hundred and twenty-four years ago to-day this spot, already of commanding importance as a military post, was honored by the presence of a guest, even then distinguished, but who was in later years destined to make his name so famous, so revered, that he was made the recipient from the venerable hero, Frederick the Great, of his portrait, bearing this inscription: "From the oldest general in Europe to the greatest general in the world." The redoubt known as the Block House is all that remains of the extensive Fort Pitt (which cost the British nation sixty thousand pounds) to suggest to-day the scene of the courtesies attendant upon the dining and supping of this great man. Of this valued historic site, whose many and whose varied vicissitudes have brought it successively under the banners of two provinces and the flags of three nationalities, we, the Pittsburgh Daughters, have been made the grateful possessors through the munificence of one of our number, Mary Elizabeth Croghan Schenley, whose grandfather, Major William Croghan, was a distinguished relative of Colonel George Croghan, Washington's hospitable host of October 18, 1770.

Colonel Croghan's dwelling, where Washington was invited to dine the day following, was located four miles up the Alle-

gheny River, in the vicinity of what is now Butler Street and McCandless Avenue; and the late Judge McCandless used to point out with pride to his visitors what remained of the foundation of the Croghan cabin, which was opposite the front of the McCandless dwelling, and where the distinguished guest dined on the 19th of October, which occasion Washington notes in his journal.

As the trend of popular opinion is now toward a Greater Pittsburg, it is interesting to remember that it was Washington's keen eye that, in 1753, discerned the value of this strategic position for a frontier fortress, which proved the embryo of the greater city, and that from his pen came the first written words describing the spot where a future city would rise which should immortalize an English earl.

It was in 1764 that the intrepid Colonel Bouquet finally wrenched this military post from the relentless grasp of the Indians and planted the redoubt which stands to-day; but the French domination of the Ohio had practically come to a close in 1758, and with it terminated the reduction of Fort Duquesne, its name then becoming Fort Pitt, to honor the minister whose measures had given vigor and effect to this year's campaign. But through all these years this commanding position, at the confluence of the two rivers, had been the object of Washington's keenest solicitude, and it was only when this key of the whole military situation had been gained that the distinguished commander resigned his commission and retired to private life.

Of "this unexpressive man, whose life expressed so much," a story is told, after his retirement from active service, on the occasion of his first appearance in the House of Burgesses in Virginia. He was something more than a new member. He was the late commander-in-chief of the Virginia Army, the foremost man, in a military way, in the province. He had just returned from the successful expedition against Fort Duquesne; so the House resolved to welcome him in a manner becoming so gallant a Virginian, and it passed a vote of thanks for the distinguished military service he had rendered the country. The Speaker of the House rose when Washington came in to take his seat, and made a speech of praise and welcome, presenting the thanks of the House. Every one applauded and

waited for the tall colonel to respond. There he stood, blushing, stammering, confused. He could give his orders to his men easily enough; he could even say what was necessary to Mrs. Martha Custis; but to address the House of Burgesses in answer to a vote of thanks!—that was another matter. Not a plain word could he utter. This was a capital answer, interpreted to the House by the eloquent Speaker, who helped him as generously out of this painful dilemma as he had led him into it. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said he; "your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess."

Washington, in this celebrated tour of the Ohio, when he peaceably revisited the scene of his great military experience, came as the champion of the claims, yet unsatisfied, for land which the Government in its fighting mood had promised to the soldiers in the campaign against the French and Indians, but which now, in peaceful days, it was so slow in fulfilling. As Washington undertook this expedition officially, in the interest of these unpaid soldiers' claims, an important part of his duty consisted in the locating of the land along the Ohio. Accordingly, two days subsequent to his memorable visit to our Block House, he embarked with the friend and companion of his travels, Dr. Craik, in a canoe of birch bark, in which, propelled by two Indian guides, he took leave of the hospitable colonel and his companions, who cheered the voyagers from the shore as they were borne away by the current of the beautiful Ohio.

The gallant soldier, an enthusiastic huntsman as well, speaks in his journal of this voyage of five buffaloes killed in one day; of the timid deer coming out of the forest to drink at the water's edge or to browse along the wooded banks; of the tempting flocks of wild turkeys; streaming flights of ducks; and we can readily imagine the canoe freighted each night with such tempting spoils as his good rifle should bring down, and that as they encamped at night on the river bank their camp fire glowed over a sumptuous hunter's repast.

But the great object of his expedition was evidenced in his constant notes on the character of the country, the quality of the soil indicated by the nature of the trees, and the level tracts fitted for settlements.

It is a noteworthy illustration of the tardiness and supineness of the Government at that time that years after this careful survey had been made many of the soldiers' claims, so fairly and so hardly won, were still unfulfilled.

Standing for the first time within the grim walls of this "stern old tower of other days, firm as a fortress," the sight of its ancient loopholes in double rows, piercing its every side (through which we can see, in imagination, bristling muskets leveled by English arms at the luckless foe without), brings the memory of the long past into the sight of the present. We stand impressed, and the "scene derives a sense so deep and clear we seem a part of what has been."

May the infinite pains, the unflagging interest, necessary to the accomplishment of the restoration and preservation of this time-honored landmark (indissolubly linked with the history and development of this now populous city) be held in that appreciation, that sympathy, which are their due; and amid the many memories that cluster around it, of warfare and strife, may we ever cherish the memory of one day when its warlike walls peaceably received a visitor of whom it is said, "Providence left him childless that his country might call him father," a visitor the study of whose life is a priceless gift to us, his children; whose death removed to the realm of history one of the noblest lives that ever honored the human race, and who rises from the dust of history as a Greek statue comes pure and serene from the earth so long inclosing it.

"Heroes have trod this spot; 'tis on their dust ye tread."

KATE WENTWORTH THOMPSON.





MARY ELIZABETH CROGHAN SCHENLEY.

MRS. SCHENLEY, the generous donor of the old Block House (all that remains of Fort Pitt) to the Daughters of the American Revolution of Allegheny County, enters the Society by two lines.

Her grandfather on her father's side was Major William Croghan, who served in the Fourth Regiment of the Virginia Line. Her maternal grandfather was General James O'Hara, who entered the Army as a private, was afterwards captain in the Ninth Virginia, and was subsequently transferred to the quartermaster's department. During the Indian wars which followed the Revolution he was Quartermaster-General.

She is the grandniece of General George Rogers Clarke, who conquered for our country the territory now occupied by the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, and of General William Clarke, who, with Captain Lewis, was appointed by Jefferson to explore the great West from the Mississippi to the Columbia. She is the niece of Colonel George Croghan so distinguished in the war of 1812.

Mrs. Schenley was born in Louisville, Kentucky, but on the death of her mother, while she was but an infant, was brought to Pittsburg and placed under the care of her grandmother, Mrs. O'Hara. She married, while still in her teens, Captain E. W. H. Schenley, of the British army, and her home has been in England ever since. She inherited a large landed



MRS. MARY E. CROGHAN SCHENLEY.



MRS. MATTOON M. CURTIS.

estate in and around Pittsburg from her grandfather, General James O'Hara. The Block House is a part of this inheritance, and that, with a plot of surrounding ground, she has given to the Daughters of the American Revolution—a gift valued at about fifty thousand dollars.

MRS. MATTOON MONROE CURTIS.

THE present sketch is concerned with my family in Revolutionary times. While giving proper attention to published records the opportunity is taken to weave in a few incidents which have escaped the attention of the historian and the biographer. The writer is enabled to do this not only from unpublished documents in possession of the family, but also from a long intimacy with her grandmother, who was a living link with a world that has now passed away. Her memory retained the vivid impressions incident upon the execution of Marie Antoinette. She readily recalled the sad pageantry of Washington's funeral. Kosciusko had taught her string tricks, and Mrs. Greene had fed the General's old charger with sugar for her amusement. Her childhood was passed in the homes of her father, Colonel Few, and her grandfather, Commodore Nicholson, which were the politico-social centers of New York. Mrs. Few sometimes complained that she was expected to entertain everybody who came to the city.

James Nicholson,* my great-great-grandfather, born in Chestertown, Maryland, in 1734, was of Scottish ancestry. His father, who came from Berwick-upon-Tweed, was given a grant in Virginia known as Nicholson's Manor, near what is now known as Nicholson's Gap of the Blue Ridge, and for many years he held important positions of trust in the Government. James was educated in England, chose the sea as a profession, and was at the capture of Havana in 1762. On March 1, 1763, he married Frances (born 1744, died August 14, 1832), the daughter of Thomas Wilter, a retired merchant of Bermuda,

* Cooper's Naval History, Vol. I; Adams's Life of Albert Gallatin; Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography.

then residing in New York. In 1775 Congress* appointed Esek Hopkins, of Rhode Island, Commander-in-Chief of its Navy. Early in 1776 Captain Nicholson distinguished himself with the "Defense" by recapturing several vessels that had been taken by the British, and in June of the same year was placed in command of the "Virginia," of twenty-eight guns. When on October 10, 1776, Congress fixed the rank of captains in the Navy, James Nicholson was first in a list of twenty-four.† In January, 1777, he succeeded Commodore Esek Hopkins as Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, and until its dissolution retained that position. It was in this capacity that at the first inauguration Commodore Nicholson commanded the barge which conveyed Washington from Elizabethtown Point to New York.‡ In the "Trumbull," of twenty-eight guns, Commodore Nicholson fought two of the most stubborn and sanguinary battles of the war—the one with the "Wyatt," of thirty-six guns; the other with the "Iris," of thirty-two guns and the "General Monk," of eighteen guns. In this last engagement the "Trumbull" was captured only after being nearly cut to pieces and without a mast standing. Commodore Nicholson was taken prisoner and was not exchanged till near the close of the war, when he took up his residence in New York.§

"The Nicholson family is closely identified with the naval history of our country. Since 1755 eighteen of the name and family have been in the service, three of whom actually wore broad pennants and a fourth died just as he was appointed to one." From the close of the war till his death, in 1804, Commodore Nicholson gave his attention to the political problems of the day. His house was the social salon of leading Republicans, among whom were Thomas Paine and Aaron Burr, the Livingstons and the Clintons.

Of his four daughters, Hannah married Albert Gallatin, Frances married Joshua Seney, Member of Congress for Maryland; Maria, an intimate friend of Nellie Custis, from whom she received a cup and saucer from a set of china presented to

* Jour. of Cong., I, p. 213.

† United Service, XII, Am. Archives, II, p. 394.

‡ History of Centennial, p. 28.

§ Cooper's Naval History, Vol. I.

Washington by Count de Austine, and a piece of Mrs. Washington's wedding dress, both of which are in the possession of my father, married John Montgomery, Member of Congress for Maryland and Mayor of Baltimore; Catherine, the second daughter, born in 1768, married Colonel Few, the first Senator from Georgia. On this occasion Thomas Paine wrote from London a long letter of congratulation. The original is held by my father, but a copy of it is to be found in Conway's life of Thomas Paine.* Permit me here to say a word about Paine's relation to my family. Conway † says, "Gallatin remained his friend, but the Fews and Nicholsons ignored the author they once idolized." It is true that when Paine went abroad in 1787 he was the literary idol of New York, and it is also true that when he returned in 1802 he found himself socially ostracised by his own conduct. In regard to the deathbed of Paine, concerning which so much has been said, the truth appears to be this: Paine expressed a wish to see Mrs. Few, who, being reluctant to go, was urged by her family to answer this dying request. Colonel and Mrs. Few visited Paine, and when Mrs. Few spoke some words of Christian hope to the dying man he only turned his face to the wall and kept silence. These accounts of Paine have been told me many times by my grandmother, who at Paine's death was nearly twenty years of age.

William Few, ‡ to whom we have already referred, was born in Baltimore County, Maryland, June 8, 1748, and died at the residence of his son-in-law, Albert Chrystie, at Fishkill, New York, July 16, 1828. He was descended from William Few, who, in 1682, came to this country with William Penn. In 1758 the family settled in Orange County, North Carolina. Here William read and reread the Bible, Tillotson's Sermons, and Barclay's Apology, thus informing his mind with those essential, yet broad, tolerant views of religion which ever after characterized his life and utterances. In the summer of 1776 William took up his residence in Augusta, Georgia, and was at once chosen member of the State Constitutional Convention, and

* Vol. I, pp. 246-251.

† Vol. II, p. 415.

‡ The Magazine of American History, Vol. VII, pp. 340-358; White's Historical Collections of Georgia; History of Centennial of Washington's Inauguration.

a little later was unanimously elected member of the Assembly. He was foremost in stimulating the spirit of independence, and when the storm came he was at the front in carrying the sword and in furnishing equipment and sustenance to his countrymen. He won his rank of colonel on the field. His brother, Colonel Ignatius Few, commanded the militia of Richmond County, Georgia. But long before this another brother, James Few, had shed the first blood in the cause of American Freedom. He commanded a little army, called the Regulators, which opposed British rule, and set out, foolishly perhaps, to free the land from British tyranny. On May 16, 1771, he was defeated by the army of Governor Tryon. Few was captured, hanged without trial, and his property confiscated. Such is the fate of patriots who see and anticipate the issues of events. The time was not ripe, but this crime fanned the fire that was soon to burst upon British oppression.

Colonel William Few was remarkably active throughout the war, guiding the affairs of Georgia and representing her in Congress. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress from 1780 to 1782 and from 1785 to 1788. He was a member of the Federal Convention that framed the Constitution in 1787, and was one of the signers of the Constitution. When Congress opened on the 4th of March, 1789, the only Southern State represented in the Senate was Georgia in the person of Colonel Few, who had been elected first Senator in the previous year. In this office he served till the 2d of March, 1793. From 1794 to 1797 he was judge of the Circuit Court of Georgia, and also a member of the Convention that framed the State Constitution. On July 8, 1788, he married Catherine (born August 7, 1764, died August 7, 1854), second daughter of Commodore Nicholson. Life in the South was not wholly congenial either to himself or his family. This led him, in July, 1799, to remove from "the accumulating evils of fevers and negro slavery, those enemies to human felicity," as he named them. Here he served in the State Legislature from 1802 to 1805; was Inspector of State Prisons from 1802 to 1812; was United States Commissioner of Loans from 1804 to 1816, when the office was transferred to the Branch Bank of the United States, and from 1814 to 1816 was President of the City Bank. Throughout his entire

official life, as soldier, lawyer, judge, Senator, trustee, commissioner, and financier, Colonel Few was honored for his high ability and strict integrity. His effectual labors to save Georgia from the Yazoo frauds; his opposition to the Ohio colonization and Scioto schemes, whereby Congress disposed of five millions of acres for about eight cents per acre; his resignation of the presidency of the City Bank when after many efforts he saw that he could not check "the cupidity and partiality of the directors," and his reforms in prison management are, when considered in detail, proof of his fearless integrity of character. Colonel Few had three daughters—Frances, Mary, and Matilda. Frances, the eldest, was born April 20, 1789, and married Albert Chrystie, son of Major James Chrystie, of the Continental Army.

James Chrystie,* the son of John Chrystie and Janet Clarkson, was born at Hale's Quarry, near Edinburgh, Scotland, January 13, 1750, and died in New York, where he was buried with military honors in June, 1807. After completing his studies he came to Philadelphia early in 1775, and enlisted in the Third Regiment, Pennsylvania Line, under his friend, Colonel Thomas Craig. As a lieutenant in that regiment he "joined the detachment of Pennsylvanians and Virginians who, under Daniel Morgan, followed Arnold in his wintry expedition from Cambridge up the Kennebec River to join in General Montgomery's attack on Quebec. On that memorable night of December 31, 1775, he climbed with Arnold, Morgan, and Lamb the frozen ramparts of the city only to learn that Montgomery had but a moment before met gloriously a soldier's death. He took part in the movements of our troops at Isle aux Noix, the Sorel, and St. John, and won his captaincy at Ticonderoga. Under Wayne's eye he fought at Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. He was also with Wayne in the dark and bloody night of Paoli, and with him passed through the winter that tried men's souls at Valley Forge." A family pleasantry of that

*See *Institution of the Society of the Cincinnati of New York State*, pp. 171-175; *The Story of Stony Point*, New York Times, July 12, 1879; *Memoirs of Mrs. Bethune*, *Lossing's Field Book of the American Revolution*; *History of the Centennial of Washington's Inauguration*.

dismal period is that Captain Chrystie's company turned out to see a blanket that his wife had sent him from New York. Captain Chrystie held, in a special sense, the confidence of Washington. Four days after Stony Point had fallen into the hands of Sir Henry Clinton, Captain Chrystie received the following order:

"THURSDAY EVENING, *June 4, 1779.*

"SIR: General St. Clair orders me to inform you that his Excellency General Washington has occasion for you immediately. You will therefore report yourself at headquarters, and on your way call at General St. Clair's.

"I am your obedient—

"ISAAC BUTLER, *Aid.*"

On the same evening Captain Chrystie received from Washington the following credentials in Hamilton's handwriting and with Washington's signature:

"Captain Chrystie is sent by me to give information and make inquiries. The fullest confidence is to be reposed in him.

"G. WASHINGTON."

And another, written and signed by Hamilton, reads:

"Captain Chrystie, dispatched by his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief on very important business, is hereby authorized to impress horses by the way.

"By his Excellency's command:

"ALEX. HAMILTON,
"Aid-de-Camp."

It is difficult to say just how much Captain Chrystie had to do with perfecting the plan for the recapture of Stony Point, but we know it was considerable, and we also know that on the night of July 15, 1779, he shared with the gallant Wayne and Richard Butler the glory of retaking Stony Point. Again, in 1780, on the discovery of Arnold's treason, Washington sent Captain Chrystie to ascertain the state of the garrison at West Point and the neighboring posts. After Washington had finished his verbal orders Captain Chrystie asked, "Has your Excellency any further orders?" "Yes," replied the General, "one, and that a very serious one. Captain Chrystie, on this occasion you are not to let me hear of your being taken pris-

oner. Do you understand me?" "Perfectly well; you shall not hear of that event," was the answer. This mission was accomplished not only to the satisfaction of Washington, but so speedily as to elicit his surprise. In 1781 Major Chrystie married Mary, the daughter of John Albert Weygand, a learned Lutheran clergyman of New York. From this marriage there were four children, Thomas, James, John, and Albert. Of these, Thomas and John distinguished themselves in the war of 1812. Thomas rose to the rank of Major and Assistant Adjutant General, and was honorably discharged June 15, 1815. John rose to the rank of full Colonel and Inspector General, and died July 22, 1813, at the early age of twenty-five years. Albert, the youngest, married Frances, the daughter of Colonel William Few. These are my paternal grandparents.

ANCESTRY OF FAITH TRUMBULL.

FEELING sure that your magazine would not knowingly print a historical untruth, I take it upon myself to correct an error in the account of Faith (Robinson) Trumbull. As a rule, whenever you meet a Rogers (who is not a genealogist) you will find him firmly possessed of the belief that he is descended from the martyr John Rogers, and from one of the "nine small children," etc.; all Hayneses from Governor Haynes, and particularly all Robinsons from the Leyden pastor, John Robinson. This tradition appears in print over and over again. A descendant of Faith (Robinson) Trumbull, Rev. Edward Robinson, D. D., LL. D., some years back, made extensive researches in Leyden and elsewhere, and proved his first Robinson ancestor was not descended from the Leyden pastor.

Rev. John Robinson had one son only who came to this country. His name was Isaac, and he settled on Cape Cod, and his descendants are known. Rev. John Robinson, of Duxbury, father of Faith, was a fine man, and descended from the Dorchester Robinsons. An account of them can be found in Paige's History of Cambridge. This family is remarkable for

its number of prominent and talented descendants. In the New England History and General Register this subject has come up at different times, and my assertion can be easily verified. I quote Rev. Edward Robinson: "After investigating carefully the whole subject he came to the conclusion that the idea of such descent was 'not only unsupported by any historical evidence,' but was 'also disproved by direct and sufficient testimony.' However much I might rejoice," he says, "in a rightful claim to an ancestor so honorable, I nevertheless am loath to seek it at the expense of historical truth."*

Their pride in their Leyden ancestor has made them ignore their equally fine lines in another direction. Faith (Robinson) Trumbull was daughter of Rev. John Robinson, of Duxbury,† and Hannah Wiswall, daughter of his predecessor, Rev. Ichabod Wiswall. Let me give you an extract from this history, which is out of print and rare:

Rev. John Robinson, born at Dorchester, April 17, 1675; son of James and Mary (Alcock) Robinson; Harvard College, 1695; settled as pastor at Duxbury, 1702; married Hannah Wiswall. She and her oldest daughter, Mary, born 1706, died in a storm off Nantasket Beach September 22, 1722. He died at the home of his daughter Faith in Lebanon, Connecticut, November 14, 1745. Mr. Robinson was called to mourn the death of his wife and his oldest child, Mary, and her sad end was no less an affliction to her bereaved husband than a great loss to an affectionate circle of friends and relatives. Having determined on a visit to Boston, she had taken passage on a coaster, together with her daughter and Mr. Fish, a young gentleman of Duxbury, and were all drowned by the upsetting of the vessel in a sudden tempest off Nantasket Beach September 22. She was in her forty-second year and the daughter in her seventeenth, and Mr. Fish was a member of Harvard College. The remains of the daughter were recovered and interred at Duxbury, where a stone was erected with a suitable inscription. Those of the mother were found six weeks later by the natives at Race Point, Cape Cod, and identified by papers preserved in her stays and a golden necklace, which the swelling of the neck had concealed, and which is now in the possession of her descendants. A gold ring which she wore was probably plundered by the natives, who had cut off her swelled finger to obtain it. She was buried at the Cape, where a monument marks her grave, with an inscription by her husband, closing with this quotation from the Psalms: "Thus he bringeth

* N. E. Hist. and Gen. Reg., Vol. XIII, p. 175.

† See Justin Windsor's History of Duxbury.

them to their desired haven." The following elegy, by Mr. Pitcher, was addressed to her husband :

" One of the Gowned tribe and Family,
Of bright descent and Worthy Pedigree,
A charming daughter in our Israel ;
In virtuous acts and Deeds seen to excel ;
As Mother, Mistress, Neighbor, Wife most rare—
Should I exceed to say beyond compare ?
Call her the Phoenix, yet you cannot lye,
Whether it be in prose or poetry.
For Meekness, Piety, and Patience,
Rare Modesty, Unwearied Diligence ;
For Gracious Temper, Prudent Conduct, too,
How few of the fair sex could her outdo ! "

Hannah (Wiswall) Robinson was the daughter of Rev. Ichabod Wiswall and Priscilla (Pabodie) Wiswall. Priscilla Pabodie was born in Duxbury January 15, 1653, died June 3, 1724; daughter of William Pabodie and Elizabeth (Alden) Pabodie. William Pabodie was a man of fine standing and education. He and his wife are buried in Little Compton, Rhode Island. Our interest, however, is particularly in Elizabeth Alden, " the first white woman born in New England," born in 1623, and daughter of Hon. John Alden and Priscilla Moullines or Mullines. We have a very delightful story of Elizabeth in " Betty Alden," by the late Jane G. Austin, and have read of John Alden's courtship, as Longfellow gives it, but in this last we must correct several mistakes. John and Priscilla were married *before* August, 1623, probably 1622, the second marriage probably in the Colony. There were no cattle then for Priscilla to ride on, and she made her home at first in Plymouth, not Duxbury.

Mayflower John was a scholar, a man of ability, and in his long life he acted well his part. He was assistant governor many years. Certainly it is as much of an honor to be descended from him as from the " beloved pastor," John Robinson. I quote from " History of a Pilgrim Family." " He was the youngest signer of the immortal compact." " His life embraced a wonderful history"—eventful, thrilling, grand, sublime. His death completed an example worthy of imitation—

a grand life, a triumphant death. An elegy, written by John Cotton, commencing—

God give me grace to mourn most heartily
For death of this dear servant of the Lord

voices the sentiments of his compeers.

Whether Priscilla outlived her husband is not known. In 1680, at the funeral of Josiah Winslow, was present "the venerable John Alden, with Priscilla on his arm."

MARY LANGFORD TAYLOR ALDEN.

EUNICE DENNIE BURR.

MRS. BURR was the daughter of James Dennie, Esq., of Fairfield, and Eunice (Sturges) Dennie. Mrs. Dennie was the daughter of Jonathan Sturges, Esq., of Fairfield. James Dennie was the son of Albert Dennie and Elizabeth (Wakeman) Dennie. She was the daughter of the Rev. Samuel Wakeman, the second pastor of the First Church of Christ in Fairfield. Eunice Dennie was married to Thaddeus Burr, Esq., of Fairfield, on the 22d of March, 1759, by the Rev. Noah Hobart, then pastor of the First Church. Thaddeus Burr was the son of Thaddeus Burr and Abigail (Sturges) Burr. She was the daughter of Jonathan Sturges, Esq., of Fairfield. He was the son of Judge Peter Burr, also of Fairfield. Mrs. Burr was noted for her beauty and rare excellence and dignity of character. Her home was the mansion of hospitality. The friends of her husband and herself were entertained in the most bountiful manner. Among their guests were General Lafayette, Samuel Adams, Benjamin Franklin, the Messrs. Otis, Quincy, Watson, Governor Tryon (the English general), Dr. Dwight, the poet; Joel Barlow, and many others of note. General Washington, on his journeys to and from Boston, was their guest. The noted painters Trumbull and Copley were entertained by them. They were intimate friends of Governor John Hancock, of Boston. This friendship, formed early in life with that family, continued until their death, Governor Hancock's family visiting Mr. and Mrs. Burr in the summer in

Fairfield, and they in return spending part of the winter at their hospitable mansion in Boston. While the British troops occupied Boston Mrs. Thomas Hancock, an aunt of Governor Hancock, and Miss Dorothy Quincy, a daughter of Edmund Quincy, of Boston, made it their home with Mr. and Mrs. Burr, in Fairfield. She was the belle of Boston and engaged to marry Governor John Hancock. He was President of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia in 1775. On his return from presiding over that Congress he spent a few days with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Burr, in Fairfield, and his marriage was then consummated. The notice of this marriage in the newspapers of the day was: "September 28, 1775. Married, at the residence of Thaddeus Burr, Esq., by the Rev. Andrew Eliot, the Hon. John Hancock, Esq., President of the Continental Congress, to Miss Dorothy Quincy, daughter of Edmund Quincy, of Boston."

When Fairfield was menaced with an attack from the British in 1779 Mrs. Burr remained in her house with the hope that as a former acquaintance of General Tryon he would protect her house, with its rich store of paintings and other valuable furniture, from pillage and burning. This request was refused, and her house, filled with everything that could contribute to comfort and elegance of living, was laid in ashes. A few weeks after the burning of their house Governor Hancock paid them a visit. He remarked to Mr. Burr that he must rebuild at once, and offered to furnish the glass needed, provided he would build a house like his own in Boston. Mr. Burr accepted this offer and rebuilt his house the exact counterpart of Governor Hancock in Boston. The site of this mansion is now occupied by William R. Jones, Esq.

Mr. Burr was chosen to many offices of trust and honor, but in no part of his life was he more conspicuous than during the War of the Revolution. He was a counselor and director as one of the governors of the Council of Fifty. The first dispatch from the battle of Lexington was received and indorsed as one of the town committee. At the date of the burning of the town of Fairfield he was high sheriff of the county of Fairfield. In January, 1788, Mr. Burr was appointed a delegate from Fairfield to the State convention at Hartford, called to

ratify the new Constitution of the United States, and steadily voted to adopt that instrument.

Mr. and Mrs. Burr also gave to the first Society of Fairfield, of which they were members, a lot of six acres, which Mrs. Burr inherited from her father, James Dennie, Esq. It was sold in 1854, and the sum received from the sale of this land is now a fund for the Society. Mr. and Mrs. Burr had no children of their own, but were guardians to a number of orphans, to whom they gave the affection of parents.

Mr. Thaddeus Burr died February 19, 1801, aged sixty-five years. Mrs. Eunice (Dennie) Burr died August 14, 1805, in her seventy-sixth year.

HANNAH HOBART,

Historian Eunice Dennie Burr Chapter.





LETTERS OF MARY PALMER.

THE following letters were written by Mary, daughter of Gershom and Abigail Palmer, of Stonington, Connecticut, who was born in May, 1710, and died December 2, 1810. Gershom Palmer is believed to have been the son of Gershom, Sr., and Ann (Denison) Palmer. The former was the son of Walter Palmer, who settled in Stonington in 1653, and was the father of the numerous Palmer race. Ann Denison was a daughter of Captain George Denison, the famous Indian fighter, and a niece of Major-General Daniel Denison, who married Patience Dudley.

But little is known of the early life of Mary Palmer except that she from the first gave evidence of that strong religious feeling which was the keynote of her whole life, and to which she devoted all the intensity of her nature, inherited from her worthy ancestors.

One anecdote has come to us. When she was four years old her parents were one day much interested in the preparation of a basket for the minister, the contents to be contributed by the congregation. One article in particular was under discussion, and the mother, in answer to her husband's opposition toward its going, urged its sending, and said, "We mustn't starve the Gospel, father." The child standing near looked up and said, "You can't starve the Gospel, mother. It's the power of God unto salvation for all who truly turn to him and believe."

When she was nineteen she was married to William Moore, a young physician who had come to Stonington from Antrim, Ireland, and who was a talented, well educated man. He belonged to a stanch North of Ireland Presbyterian family that

was founded in 1666 by Thomas de Moore. From him descend also the Earls of Mount Cashel and Drogheda Moore.

Dr. Moore and his wife "owned the Covenant" in the old church at Stonington May 30, 1730, but about ten years later joined the Society of Friends. How and why will be best told by Mrs. Moore in her own words a little later.

Between 1745 and 1750 they moved from Stonington to Dutchess County, New York, where they led the life of pioneers. There were no roads, simply trails marked by blazed trees, and until his death, in 1753, by being thrown from his horse, Dr. Moore was not only the physician but the lawyer for the settlers. A number of years after his death his widow married a Quaker named Bartholomew Griffin, but they had no children. She was a preacher in the Society of Friends for seventy years and, as we are told, was most eloquent. Her zeal was untiring. At the age of eighty-two she was sent as a delegate to visit the Vermont meetings, and she made the entire journey, even to crossing the Green Mountains, on horseback. How many "Daughters" of the present day could do the same, I wonder. She died at the age of one hundred years and seven months and retained her faculties to the last. Indeed, I have been told that she had second sight and could do fine needle-work and embroidery as well as a young girl.

These letters and bits of her writing have been preserved:

"I do certainly know from a degree of experience that the Holy Spirit is moving on the minds of children in early life, reproving for evil, and justifying for well doing. I often in such youthful seasons, retired alone and secretly desired that if I was spared to arrive at womanhood the Lord would enable me to become a good woman. But from not yielding to the manifestations of Truth my mind was led into many vanities incident to youth, for which I was often reproved. On one occasion I was met with in a very unexpected manner, as follows:—Being engaged on the floor in a dance, I was solemnly impressed with the sad effects of misspent time, and immediately retired and took my seat. The company appeared surprised and inquired the cause! I honestly told them I could not take another step in that way, and accordingly did not.

"I was unacquainted with the Society of Friends until led to

attend one of their meetings appointed for a minister who was travelling through the country in Truth's service. When informed of this meeting I felt a desire to attend it. But my husband being from home, and not having any attendant to whom I could commit the care of my children during my absence, I did not know at first how to accomplish it, but finally concluded to get them to sleep and then leave them to the care of a kind Providence, saying secretly 'I have faith to believe they will be protected until my return.'

"This meeting was held some four miles distant and on my way I was obliged to cross a stream which had risen so high that it covered a small bridge over which I was expecting to pass. Being on foot this seemed an obstacle not easily surmounted, nevertheless believing it to be my duty to go I did not give up my intention but waded through the strong current of the stream without receiving any material injury. During the meeting my Heavenly Father was pleased to visit me in a wonderful manner! May I never forget His gracious dealings. The following passage of Scripture presenting I believed it right to express it: 'Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord.' After the meeting was over I returned home rejoicing that I had gone."

She once told her daughter, with much amusement, that upon another occasion she was "moved" to speak against the vanities of dress. After concluding her remarks, she glanced down and discovered to her consternation that she wore a red broad-cloth cloak, trimmed with fur!

"My husband having also become convinced of the Truth, we entered into a solemn Covenant with Almighty God to dedicate ourselves body, soul, and spirit unto Him, promising through His grace to serve Him in newness of life and depending always on a measure of his spirit to abilitate us to do his will, fully believing His mercy and love will be extended."

"THE COVENANT.

"WILLIAM AND MARY MOORE'S COVENANT WITH GOD."

"Be it forever recorded in Heaven that we, William and Mary Moore, do with great concern of mind, yet with alacrity of soul, devote and

dedicate, yea we do absolutely and actually, give and deliver our whole selves, souls and bodies, unto the Almighty God, Jehovah, and hereby through his grace do covenant and promise to serve Him in nearness of life, and that we will keep so nigh to his light as possibly we can in all interests and purposes of soul, every minute, hour, week, month, year and years, of our mortal existence. Always depending on a measure of Thy strength O, God! to assist and abilitate us, now firmly believing,—and that from Thy word internal and external,—that Thou, Father of Mercy and Love doth accept and receive us, we hereunto set our hands and seals this fifteenth day of the third month and in the year since Jesus Christ came in the flesh 1740.

"In presence of the Infinite Three that	} WILLIAM MOORE (L. S.)
bears record in Heaven	

Upon the back of the paper on which the Covenant was written was in Mrs. Moore's handwriting the following :

"Nine Partners, 3rd Mo. 1st 1782. This was written almost in the first of our convincement ; and as it was signed I believe in the simplicity of our hearts, I thought best to leave it behind me ; hoping that where we failed in performing it, Mercy will be extended to us.—MARY MOORE."

" 1744.

"DEAR FRIEND,—

"I thought I should not be clear in the discharge of my duty, unless in this way heartily desiring thy preservation and further growth in the Truth. It was on my mind when with thee to have spoken a few words by way of advice to thee, to keep near the direction and guidance of the Holy Spirit. And may thou be preserved from running into words hastily; but rather wait low to hear the voice of the true shepherd of Israel. His sheep know his voice and they follow him; but a stranger they will not follow. As the Lord has been pleased in a good degree to make known his will to thee, be careful to do it in all things. Mayest thou minister from that ability which *God only gives*. Mayest thou rise in the spring of life, and when it withdraws sit down. And mayest thou, with my soul be preserved in an humble, bowed frame of mind, clear from a lofty and haughty spirit, is the fervent desire of thy friend,

"MARY MOORE."

From a letter to a friend, after her husband's death, in 1753:

"Although the Lord has seen meet to try me in the very sudden death of my dear husband, He has not left me comfort-

less, but has been near to sustain; and has given me the assurance that the change is a happy one; so that I can truly say my soul has been brought into subjection to the great Disposer of events, believing He wounds to heal and kills to make alive. May I ever trust in Him; for He remains to be a Father to the fatherless and the widow's judge."

"PROVIDENCE, 13th of 1st Mo., 1761.

"DEAR CHILDREN,—

"We are now confined at Governor Hopkins'* by reason of the severity of the weather, and the danger of crossing the ferries. The governor is exceedingly kind. We are in health. And now dear children I may say from my own experience 'It is the willing and obedient that shall eat the good of the land.' Therefore is my heart bowed on your account that ye may yield obedience to the inward appearance of Light and Truth in your own hearts. And while I consider your circumstances, I yet crave it of you not to neglect the one thing needful even inward peace obtained by obedience. Oh, dear children! let not the world nor the cares thereof choke the seed that is sown in your hearts. If I should never see you more, may the God of peace preserve you in peace with Him, and one with another.

"So desireth your loving Mother—

"MARY MOORE."

"DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,—

"These lines come to inform you we are all in a measure of health at present, through Infinite Goodness, and hoping this will find you enjoying the same blessing. I have often had it in my mind to write to you and more especially since I have been exercised with the loss of my dear son Allen, who was taken from us in an awfully sudden and surprising manner.

"It was thus:—In the second month we had exceedingly hard frost for some weeks, followed by rain and a sudden thaw. This caused such a freshet as never had been before in these parts; in which time my poor child, in striving to save his mill, was carried off by the force of the water and cakes of ice, to the great surprise of his wife and child. His body was found next day, and was no way disfigured, nor were any bones

* Stephen Hopkins, the "signer."

broken. His countenance looked like one in a sleep. Dear brother and sister, may the uncertainty of time, and thoughts of eternity, be as motives to engage our minds to suitable thoughtfulness to prepare for our great and last change; seeing there is no durable city here, let us seek one to come, eternal in the heavens.

"Thus desireth and prayeth your affectionate sister,

"MARY GRIFFIN."

Thus ends the record of a good woman who died many years ago, but whose Christian life and character and deeds of charity and love will always live to hold an honored place in the thoughts and heart of her great-great-great-granddaughter,

HELEN WILKINSON REYNOLDS.

CHRISTMAS ON THE MAYFLOWER.*

AT THE Foremothers' Dinner in New York, December 22, 1893, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton said:

"Historians take so little note of the doings of women and children that I presume not one of my audience ever heard of Christmas on the Mayflower, and yet the unwritten history of individuals and nations is always most interesting. I am indebted for my facts to Elizabeth Tudor Brewster, named after the Queen. She was a favorite niece of Elder William Brewster, who went to Holland with the Pilgrims and lived there several years. My husband's mother was a Brewster, and into her hands came many of the private family letters, dim and yellow with time, and among others this account of Christmas.

"While yet at sea the mothers began to discuss the probabilities of reaching land by December 25 and of having some little celebration for the children, as they had half a dozen on board of the right age to enjoy some holiday performances. The foremothers who came from Holland had imbibed the Dutch love for festive occasions, and were more liberal in their views than the rigid Puritans, direct from England, who objected to

* Mrs. Stanton says in a private letter that this account is drawn partly from her imagination and partly from Elizabeth Tudor Brewster's memoranda.

all such fictions as St. Nicholas ; but Elder Brewster, then seventy-nine years old and loving children tenderly, gave his vote for the celebration. Accordingly, as they sailed up the beautiful harbor of Plymouth, the mothers were busy in their preparations for the glad day. Knowing the fondness of Indians for beads, they had brought a large box of all sizes and colors, which they were stringing for the little Indians, as they intended to invite a few of them to come on board the ship. The mothers had also brought a barrellful of ivy, holly, laurel, and immortelles to decorate their log cabins. Of these they made wreaths to ornament the children and the saloon.

"As soon as the Mayflower cast anchor, Elder Brewster and his interpreter, and as many of the fathers and mothers as the little boats would hold, went ashore to make arrangements about their cabins, to visit the squaws, and invite the children. The interpreter explained to them the significance of Christmas, the custom of exchanging gifts, etc., and they readily accepted the invitation. Massasoit was sachem of the Wampanoags and chief at this point. His dominion extended from Cape Cod to Narragansett Bay. The yellow fever had swept his tribe, once estimated at thirty thousand, down to three hundred, now scattered all along the southern coast of Massachusetts.

"When the Pilgrims landed there were only a few huts at that point; but that noble chief, Massasoit, was there, fortunately for our little colony, consisting only of one hundred and two all told—men, women, and children. Massasoit was a splendid specimen of manhood—honest, benevolent, and loved peace. When Christmas dawned, bright and beautiful, he came on board with two squaws and six little boys and girls, all in their ornaments, paint, and feathers—the children in bright scarlet blankets and caps made of white rabbitskins, the little ears standing up on their foreheads and squirrel tails hanging down their backs. Each one carried a small basket containing beech and hickory nuts and wintergreen berries, which they presented gracefully to the English children standing in a line ready to receive them. The interpreter had taught them to say, 'Happy to see you,' 'Welcome,' and 'Farewell' in the Indian tongue. So they shook hands and received the natives graciously, presenting them in turn with little tin pails filled with fried cakes, almonds, and raisins, some bright English pennies, a horn, and

a drum. The mothers tied strings of beads round their necks, wrists, and ankles, with which they were greatly pleased.

"They went all over the ship, and asked many questions about all they saw. When Massasoit proposed to go, the mothers urged him to stay to dinner, but he declined, saying that they did not understand English customs in eating, and that the children would not know how to use knives, forks, and spoons. Moreover, he said, they never ate except when they were hungry, and the sun was still too high for that.

"The exchanging of presents was a very pretty ceremony, and when they were ready to depart the good Elder placed his hands on each little head, giving a short prayer and his blessing. Massasoit knelt and asked the Elder to give him one also. While all this was transpiring, the squaws slipped round and asked the foremothers to give them some beads, which they readily did, and placed wreaths of ivy on their heads. As they paddled away in their little canoes the horns and drums sounded quite martial over the water.

"Then the mothers decorated their tables and spread out a grand Christmas dinner. Among other things, they had brought a box of plum puddings. It is an English custom to make a large number of plum puddings at Christmas time and shut them up tight in small tin pails and hang them on hooks on the kitchen wall, where they keep for months. You see them in English kitchens to this day. So, with their plum puddings, gooseberry tarts, brussel sprouts, salt fish, and bacon, the Pilgrims had quite a sumptuous dinner. Then they sang "God Save the King," and went on deck to watch the sun go down and the moon rise in all her glory. The children took their little baskets to their berths, the last objects of interest on which their eyes rested as they fell asleep.

"This friendly reception, planned by the foremothers, made Massasoit and his tribe steadfast friends of the little colony. Two of his little sons, that he brought with him to the Mayflower on Christmas, years after came to the court at Plymouth to have their names changed to English. They chose Alexander and Philip, and were called so ever after. When Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson, some years later, were banished from Massachusetts, Massasoit harbored them on their way to Rhode Island."

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THIS issue of the Magazine closes the sixth number of Volume V. To our contributors, who have so generously complied with the wishes of the Board in supplying material to fill the pages of the Magazine, we wish to give thanks. We have had many choice bits of unwritten history to enrich our pages, and to them are we indebted. We would call attention to the high standard of patriotism that has brought to us from the pens of the "Daughters" of the fair Southland eulogiums upon the bravery, the self-sacrifice, the noble deeds of the patriots of the North, and from the pens of the "Daughters" from the Northland the pictures of memory and of history which recall the patriotism and high standard of citizenship of the noble men and women of the South that helped in holding for us so glorious a heritage as our Country! No stronger bond could there be to bind heart to heart and section to section. May the pages of this Magazine continue to be a beacon light, showing to the world that, shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand, the Daughters of the American Revolution are of one thought, one purpose, one hope—the uplifting of humanity through love of country.

WITH the ending of this volume also comes the end of the old year. In the retrospect let us review the lessons we have been taught and from them gain a better foothold in the paths we must tread. In bettering our own lives we uplift humanity and help on the day when races will sympathize one with another; when nations will be units of a perfected world; when men will be brothers, people will be friends, and mankind will draw from the fountain of love principles of charity.

THE June number, 1893, of the AMERICAN MONTHLY, in which appears the true story of the organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution, can be purchased at Headquarters for ten cents per copy.

THE September number of the Magazine contains an article, "Gossip about Colonial Women," written by H. P. Goddard, of Baltimore. Through the mistake of the author not signing his own manuscript, the authorship was accidentally given to another party.

ALL persons requiring badge permits will please address Mrs. C. A. Mann, 1517 L Street northwest, Washington, D. C.



CHAPTERS.

JOHN MARSHALL CHAPTER.—The annual meeting was held October 12, 1894, at Chatsworth, the beautiful suburban residence of Mrs. Jennie Ewing Speed. The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: Mrs. Bell Clay Lyons, Regent; Mrs. Mary Lloyd Marshall Allin, Vice-Regent; Mrs. Edward Casey, registrar; Mrs. Fannie Helm Grinstead, treasurer; Mrs. Ella Hicks Johnson, secretary; Mrs. Harriet Bulkley Larrabee, historian, and Mrs. Myra Gray Bondurant, delegate to Washington. Although the day was dark and stormy and the rain descended in torrents, almost every member was present to enjoy the hospitality of our fair hostess and her accomplished daughters, and the cold and cheerless rain without was completely forgotten as the warm and cheerful light of the old-time yule log radiated from the old historic fireplace. Such a scene as lives only in memory of a past generation was before us, and the ladies chatted long and pleasantly over the simple repast until the deep and silver-toned monitor of time announced the lateness of the hour. The old chateau, with its antique furnishings, its low ceilings, banquet hall, and the mistletoed forest trees sighing in the night wind, rivaled the English fancy of a Dickens. The *Southern Magazine* gives the following description of Chatsworth, the old manor-house near Louisville where the Speeds have lived for two generations: "It stands deep set in fine forest trees on a little knoll, whose elevation gives it a commanding position. It is one of those fine old-fashioned places, simple in architecture and unpretentious, and yet solid, substantial, and home-like. The property, consisting of about five thousand acres, was given by the Government to a certain Dutchman for meritorious service during the Revolutionary War. After living here some time he sold it to Colonel Richard K. Taylor, of Virginia, who lived there with his family, one of whom was a boy, Zachary Taylor, afterwards President of the United States. While the residence of the Taylors,

Chatsworth had linked with it another name famous in history. It seems that a gallant young soldier, one Lieutenant Davis, came courting old Colonel Taylor's winsome daughter. For some reason unknown the bluff old Colonel opposed the match and the young folks determined to elope. The young lady was assisted from the window by means of a ladder and was conducted to the cabin of a faithful old family servant, where a preacher was in waiting. There, amid such humble surroundings, the sister of a man soon to be President of the United States was married to Jefferson Davis, who was himself destined to be President of the Confederacy. This historic old cabin is still standing on the Speed place and is still in use."—HARRIET BULKLEY LARRABEE, *Historian*.

ROCKFORD CHAPTER.—Pursuant to a request from Mrs. Kerfoot, the State Regent, Mrs. Ralph Emerson called together the charter members of this Chapter to observe the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown October 19, 1781. The meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. Emerson, Regent of the Chapter, October 19, 1894. In addition to the twelve charter members, there were present Mrs. Haven, Mrs. Spaulding, and Mrs. Mary Spaulding Brown, of Chicago; Mrs. Barden, of Dubuque, and Mrs. Marston, of La Crosse, Wisconsin, each of whom contributed much to the interest of the occasion. The meeting, being the first since the formation of the Chapter, was entirely informal. The notice was so short there had been little time for preparation, and in lieu of any formal paper on the surrender of Cornwallis, Mrs. Emerson read the "articles of convention between General Burgoyne and Major General Gates" from a copy of the original which is in the possession of a member of her family. After the reading the ladies were invited to partake of a very dainty luncheon, after which the topic of the day was discussed and many interesting incidents related. Among others, Mrs. Haven gave an account of how the day was celebrated in her native town in Connecticut in an early day. Many of the inhabitants, gathering in an open field adjoining a forest and personating the opposing sides, engaged in sham battles and other patriotic sports, calling it "a Cornwallis." One member of the Chapter counts nine of her relatives as having been en-

gaged in the battle of Bunker Hill ; one member counts five, and others four, three, and two. The Chapter begins its career with much enthusiasm and promise of increasing patriotism and good fellowship.—CARRIE S. BRITT, *Secretary*.

ROGER SHERMAN CHAPTER (New Milford, Connecticut).—The historian is fain to preface her report with a plea for sympathy. Until recently her duties were undefined and vague. She has wandered through the year like a lost spirit, seeking a place and finding none. Should she make herself a walking cyclopedia of Revolutionary history and be ready to furnish at will all dates of that period or should she merely record our own quiet and peaceful doings in this year of peace eighteen hundred and ninety-three? In the midst of this trepidation and uncertainty the committee came to the rescue with the long-expected by-laws. It was decided for her that she record our own history and not that of our ancestors. After our gifted secretary has given the record of the year and the faithful keeper of the bag has followed and the registrar has given her testimony, the historian shall gather up the fragments that remain and offer them as a feast of fat things. Briefly, then, our history is a record of beginnings; but we remember that all great things have been once so and are not discouraged. From the pleasant meeting in May, when Mrs. Keim met a little band of pioneers, the twelve charter members who first sailed on the voyage of discovery, to the crowning feast of the year, the luncheon of April 19 last, when we did reverence to Roger Sherman and the heroes of Lexington, it has been a year of pleasant memories. Perhaps it will be best remembered as the beginning of delightful social gatherings on a larger and higher plane than the usual meetings for converse. When we grew nearer together in the bond of a common ancestry, men who fought and bled for our country and women who worked and prayed at home for it, we learned there was something more than the hurry of this nineteenth century, and that in looking back there was strength and help, as well as in looking forward. It is always the few who have courage to begin. After the twelve charter members had ventured forth and the craft was sailing well, others of us ventured to follow, and at Mrs. Mygatt's, later in May, there

were sixteen members. The officers were appointed and arrangements made for the year. The first social gathering was held at the pleasant home of Mrs. Boardman in July, a delightful occasion, with tea served on the broad piazzas. At this meeting we entertained a descendant of Roger Sherman, Miss Faxon, of Philadelphia, a niece of our Regent. There were no more meetings until October, when Mrs. Mygatt entertained the Chapter on a pleasant evening, when, in addition to much business, a sketch of Roger Sherman and some delightful sketches of old Colonial life were read. In November Miss Lizzie Noble, the registrar, invited the Chapter to her home, where we celebrated the evacuation of New York by the British. The December meeting was omitted, but a very pleasant meeting was held in January at Mrs. Boardman's, celebrating the ratification of the constitution of Connecticut. On February 22 we did reverence to the memory of Washington at the invitation of Mrs. Henry Treadwell, our secretary, a very delightful occasion, where we almost felt we had stepped into the home of Washington, so many interesting relics and portraits were enjoyed. The Chapter will long remember her delightful hospitality. Sketches of Washington were read, one especially being of note, "Personal Reminiscences" of him, by the late Judge Boardman, of New Milford, a remarkable paper, written in his ninety-first year. In March another meeting was held at the home of the Misses Noble. Mrs. Wildman, Regent of the Danbury Chapter, was with us, and gave a delightful account of the Congress in Washington, our own Regent having been unfortunately detained at home by illness. In April came the crowning joy of the year, the celebration of the battle of Lexington and Roger Sherman's birthday by the luncheon at Weautinaug Inn, when, as our Regent happily said, we had the one pleasure that remained to us—the company of the gentlemen. We had a glimpse into the delightful occasions we always envy the other sex, when they not only graced the feast by their presence, but cheered us with their stirring patriotic speeches. The rooms and the large square table, containing thirty covers, were beautifully decorated with flowers and the national colors, while from the walls portraits of famous Revolutionary men looked down upon us with approving eyes. We have passed the first year, but we will not call

it an ended year—only the first milestone passed on a journey we hope may continue many years.—CHARLOTTE B. BENNETT, *Historian*.

OTSEGO CHAPTER.—On Friday, July 6, 1894, the Otsego Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was formally organized at Cooperstown, New York, by the State Regent, Miss McAllister. Ten charter members were present on the occasion and three others. Miss McAllister made a brief but earnest address, enjoining upon the members the need of enthusiastic workers to make the Chapter a prosperous one. Luncheon was afterwards served to Miss McAllister and the members of the Chapter by the Chapter Regent, Mrs. Turner. The officers of the Chapter, previously elected at an informal meeting, are as follows: Mrs. Abbie C. Turner, Regent; Miss Grace Scott Bowen, secretary; Mrs. Clara Matteson Murdock, treasurer; Miss Emma Corey, registrar.

DOINGS OF THE ILLINOIS CHAPTERS.

MOLINE CHAPTER.—The Chapter Regent, Mrs. Mary Little Deere, being in Europe, the Vice-Regent of the Chapter, Mrs. Jennie S. Gilmore, conducted the exercises in celebration of the surrender of Cornwallis, October 19. The occasion was exceedingly interesting to all present, and all members of the Chapter displayed the national flag upon their homes. Much interest and enthusiasm is shown in the work in Moline. A course of American history will be inaugurated early in the winter.

FORT DEARBORN CHAPTER.—Many of the beautiful residences of Evanston, Illinois, were gay with the national colors on the 19th of October, the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis. In consequence of the absence of the Chapter Regent, Miss Cornelia Grey Lunt, the Fort Dearborn Chapter, of Evanston, held no formal celebration, its patriotic members marking the day by the display of the American flag. At the personal request of Mrs. Sarah D. Burt, the Vice-Regent of the Chapter, the public schools of Evanston decorated their school-rooms with the flag, and the teachers told their scholars the story of the surrender of Cornwallis.

IN FREEPORT, Illinois, the Daughters of the American Revolution met at the house of the Regent, Miss Harriet J. Hawes, on the 19th of October, and spent the afternoon from 4 to 6 p. m. in commemorating the surrender of the army of Cornwallis at Yorktown. A print of Washington and one of Howard Pyles's "Cornwallis's Surrender," with a collection of Revolutionary relics, were much admired. Interesting extracts were read from the ancestral records of persons present—one a descendant of Captain Dana, who fired the shot that killed Major Pitcairn; another descended from General Benjamin Lincoln, who received the sword of General O'Hara at Yorktown. Tea was served at 6 o'clock, and other records of gallant service closed the meeting.

SPRINGFIELD CHAPTER.—At 3.30 p. m., on Friday, October 19, this Chapter, with its invited guests, met at the house of the Regent, Mrs. Charles Virgil Hickox, to observe with appropriate ceremonies the one hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the final triumph of the cause of American independence at Yorktown, Virginia, when Cornwallis surrendered to Washington. Miss Daisy Yates read an eloquent paper and the Regent gave an interesting account of the work of the Chapter. The Chapter is making steady growth.

THE State Regent of Illinois, Mrs. Samuel H. Kerfoot, gave a luncheon at her country house, in the Dells of the Wisconsin River, in celebration of the surrender of Cornwallis, October 19, 1781, and of the Annapolis Tea Party, October 19, 1774, when the British brig "Peggy Stuart," with her cargo of tea, was burned in Annapolis harbor. The house was decorated with flowering and foliage plants, and with the national red, white, and blue gaily mingled with the orange and black of Maryland. Luncheon was served at 2 o'clock. Miniatures of Revolutionary patriots, Colonial currency, and other relics were gathered for the occasion. Papers were read upon "Cornwallis and His Defeat," "Robert Morris, the Great Financier of the Revolution, without whose aid Yorktown would have been impossible," and "The Annapolis Tea Party." The burning of a small brig, the "Peggy Stuart," flying the British flag and laden with combustibles masked in tea, fitly closed the programme.

NEW JERSEY.—A reception was tendered by the Daughters of the American Revolution of this State to the President of that Society, Mrs. General Stryker, in Davis's parlors, Newark, on Thursday. Several members from Montclair were present, and in the course of the afternoon they gave an account of their successful efforts to promote patriotism in the public schools of this place. The plan was received with much favor, and it will doubtless be adopted in other parts of the State. A pleasant feature of the reception was the reading of an original poem by Mrs. Stephen W. Carey.

CAMP MIDDLEBROOK CHAPTER.—The annual meeting of Camp Middlebrook Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was held at the home of the Regent, Mrs. Olendorf, Tuesday afternoon. The parlors were beautifully decorated with bunting and flowers, and a number of invited guests were present, including Mrs. M. H. Mather, registrar of Nova Cæsarea Chapter.

The exercises were opened by singing, Miss Porter accompanying on the piano. Mrs. Olendorf read her report as follows:

It gives me great pleasure to present to you the first annual report of the Regent of this Chapter.

On March 25, 1893, my appointment, by our State Regent, Mrs. W. W. Shippen, was confirmed by the National Board of Management. On April 4 I replied, accepting the appointment, pledging myself to faithfully discharge the duties and responsibilities of the office.

During the month of May I collected \$2.25 and sent to the Columbian Liberty Bell Committee, each contribution being one cent. On June 20 I called a meeting of neighbors whom I knew were eligible to membership in the Society, but owing to the extreme heat of the afternoon only four responded—Mrs. Voorhees, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Dunham, and Mrs. McNabb. With these substantial supporters I knew that Camp Middlebrook Chapter would be a success.

From that date until we organized I made many calls, asking those whom I thought would to assist me in forming a Chapter. On October 11 we organized with fourteen members, twelve new ones, Mrs. La Monte being already a member of the Society-at-Large and I of the Nova Cæsarea Chapter. We organized just three years to the day after the organization of the National Society.

The first paper passed upon in this Chapter received for its national number 3,721. I find that the National Society at the present time numbers over 6,700, doubling itself in one year. From the organization of our Chapter until now I leave our secretary to report.

Before concluding I feel that I must express the appreciation and thanks of the members of this Chapter of the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Dally for the eloquent sermon he preached to us on July 1; also Mrs. Thomae for her very interesting address, "New Jersey in the Revolution," and last, but not least, our firm friend and supporter, Mr. Mason. His kindness in publishing all our meetings, drives, etc., has no doubt greatly aided and increased the interest in the Chapter.

The officers and members of this Chapter I also wish to thank for their faithful coöperation through the past year, and I wish now to tell them how proud I am of them and of their ancestors who gave us this beautiful land, and of the success of Camp Middlebrook Chapter.

Miss Hamilton, the historian, presented an admirable report, giving the ancestry of each member of the Chapter. We hope to publish this report before long. Mrs. Taylor, the treasurer, showed that the finances of the organization are in good shape, and Mrs. Mason read the secretary's report as follows:

The organization and first meeting of Middlebrook Camp Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Bound Brook, New Jersey, took place on October 11, 1893, at the home of Mrs. John Olendorf, who had been appointed Regent by the National Society for the purpose of organizing this Chapter. The charter members were Mrs. Elizabeth Herbert Olendorf, Miss M. Emma Sydney Herbert, Mrs. Carrie B. Dunham, Mrs. Cornelia C. Hamilton, Miss Mary Beall Hamilton, Mrs. S. L. F. Stryker, Mrs. Sarah Van Arsdale Van Nostrand, Mrs. M. A. Taylor, Mrs. Rachel Manning Mason, Mrs. Mary Dora McNabb, Mrs. M. D. De Mott, Mrs. Elizabeth G. Mettler, Mrs. Anna L. Voorhees, and Mrs. Rebecca T. La Monte.

According to the constitution of the Society the Regent has the power to appoint the officers for the first year. The following officers were appointed by Mrs. Olendorf: Vice-Regents, Mrs. Rebecca T. La Monte and Mrs. C. C. Hamilton; secretary, Mrs. S. L. F. Stryker, afterwards Mrs. R. M. Mason; treasurer, Mrs. M. A. Taylor; registrar, Mrs. Anna L. Voorhees; historian, Miss M. E. S. Herbert, afterwards Miss M. B. Hamilton, and board of management, Mrs. R. M. Mason, afterwards Mrs. M. D. De Mott, and Mrs. C. B. Dunham, with the above-named officers.

At the second meeting, October 17, the name of the Chapter was changed from "Middlebrook Camp" Chapter, which was the name bestowed upon us at Washington, to "Camp Middle-

brook " Chapter, as the latter name was found to be historically correct. The by-laws were also adopted at that meeting.

On November 21, through the kindness of Mrs. H. M. Hamilton, the Daughters were enabled to call on Mrs. Sarah Van Nostrand, one of our members who had reached the remarkable age of one hundred and five years. This was considered a great privilege, as in less than a month from that time, on December 15, Mrs. Van Nostrand died from the result of an accident.

Another member was called home on April 17, 1894, our sister, Mrs. Elizabeth G. Mettler.

An invitation from Mrs. C. H. Perry was accepted, to assist her in entertaining the Washington Camp Ground Association, which had been invited by Mayor Perry to hold its annual meeting at his house on Washington's Birthday.

In April a prize of a five-dollar gold piece was offered for the best essay, written by boy or girl in the public school, upon the subject of "Township Organization and Government;" this essay to be ready in June; but as there was no response to this offer, no prize was given.

The Chapter received its first donation on April 17, 1894, it being a Nova Cæsarea penny of 1787, the gift of Mr. Chris. Stolz. On May 15 Mrs. Olendorf presented to the Chapter "The National Portrait Gallery of Eminent Americans."

By invitation of the Grand Army of the Republic the Chapter listened to the memorial sermon preached before that organization on Sunday, May 27, by the Rev. Mr. Davis, in the Presbyterian Church.

On June 6 the Daughters and their friends took a drive to Bedminster to visit the Old Stone House, which was built in 1752 by Johannes Moelick and Mariah Katrina, his wife, who emigrated from Bendorf on the Rhine in 1735. This dwelling has been made famous by Andrew Mellick's "Story of an Old Farm." Through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. William Sutphen, the present occupants of the house, the party was allowed to spread the lunch on the table in the old kitchen, and afterwards wandered at will up and down through the rooms, filled with many interesting relics. Some of the massive old furniture was brought over from Germany. Mr. Sutphen, who is a descendant of Johannes Moelick, was born in this house and has spent his life there.

Old Bedminster Church and churchyard were also visited, and the churchyard at Pluckamin, where are buried Johannes and Mariah Katrina. Here also is the grave of Captain Leslie, of the British Army. His tombstone bears the following inscription :

In memory of the Hon. Capt. William Leslie of the 17th British Regiment, son of the Earl of Leven, in Scotland.

He fell January 3d, 1777, aged 26 years, at the Battle of Princeton.

His friend, Benj. Rush, M. D., of Philadelphia, hath caused this stone to be erected, as a mark of his esteem for his worth, and respect for his noble family.

On Thursday afternoon, June 14, the Regent and several officers attended a business meeting of the New Jersey Chapters, called by Mrs. William S. Stryker, State Regent *pro tem.*, to meet at her home in Trenton.

On June 19, at the home of Mrs. W. J. Taylor, the Chapter and a number of invited guests listened with great pleasure to a paper by Mrs. Mary Craven Thomae, on "New Jersey in the Revolution."

On Sunday evening, July 1, by invitation of Rev. Joseph W. Dally, pastor of the Bound Brook Methodist Episcopal Church and a Son of the American Revolution, the Chapter listened to a sermon on "The Women of '76."

On July 18 the Daughters and their friends took a drive to Morristown to visit Washington's headquarters in that city. The collection of relics at Morristown is considered by some people who have visited both places to be finer than that at Mount Vernon. A pleasant day was spent, with lunch in a grove by the roadside. Several hours were passed at the headquarters, and all enjoyed the ride home by moonlight.

On October 11 the Chapter and a number of friends took a drive to Princeton battlefield. The first halt was made at Judge Schenck's grove, a short distance this side of Princeton, where coffee was made and a light lunch was enjoyed. After resting here awhile we started again for Princeton. A short visit was made to the cemetery, where are buried the noted Aaron Burr, second president of Princeton College, and his son, the notorious Aaron Burr; Jonathan Edwards, John Witherspoon, Commodore Bainbridge, and many other notable characters.

The Friends' meeting-house, which was standing at the time of the famous battle, was visited and the burying-ground connected with it. Here are the graves of Richard Stockton and Sarah and Thomas Clark, to whose house General Mercer was carried after he was wounded and who attended him until his death. Departed Olneys and other old families of that vicinity are here represented.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Henry E. Hale, who lives in the old Clark house, admission was gained to the Friends' meeting-house, and afterwards Mrs. Hale invited us into the Clark house. The room in which General Mercer died is a small room, with quaint corner cupboard and fireplace, and contains some interesting relics of the battle. In a field back of the house is a white stone which marks the spot where General Mercer fell.

From Rocky Hill the ride was over the same road which Washington took after the battle of Princeton, through Griggstown, Millstone, Weston, over Van Veghten's bridge at Finderne, and from there to Bound Brook.

Nine regular meetings and one special meeting have been held during the year, with an average attendance of eight. The meetings were discontinued during July and August.

Six new members have been added, Mrs. Frances Herbert Vail, Mrs. Sarah McCloughton Perry, Mrs. Catharine L. A. Brokaw Staats, Mrs. Clara A. Spaulding, Mrs. Martha L. Brokaw Frech, and Miss Ellen E. Batcheller, and two lost by death, Mrs. Van Nostrand and Mrs. Mettler, making a total membership of eighteen.



IN MEMORIAM.

AGNES DANDRIDGE CASH BLEDSOE.

ENTERED into rest, Agnes Dandridge Cash Bledsoe. A member of our sisterhood she was in name, in heart, in actuality, but God had given her a work to do which kept her apart from our councils and from the happy gatherings where face to face we learn to know each other as friends and comrades. For so long it had been her work to "translate to her own soul God's language of suffering," that noblest work, that most difficult of all which is given man or woman to perform, that she had no time for the smaller affairs of life; but as her ancestors met bravely the exigencies of war, of martial combat, so she met, bore, and triumphed in conflict with physical pain and unceasing anguish. For thirty-five years she was a member of the Methodist Church, and as a good soldier she wore the armor which made a life victory possible. She stood loyal to the last, bearing testimony to her unshaken faith and to that spirit of endurance and martyrdom which had fired her noble lineage in early days on hotly contested ground. She was born in Forest Hill, Tennessee, June 16, 1844, and fell asleep in Memphis August 25, 1894.

In the Land o' the Leal, the Land o' the Leal,
Where earth's weary pain the Master doth heal,
Where the heart ne'er is faint, nor the sad soul oppress
By shadow of burden, of grief or unrest—
In the Land o' the Leal, she doth rest, doth rest.

ANNAH ROBINSON WATSON.

MRS. ELIZABETH HUTTON SHERWOOD.

DIED at Philadelphia, November 16, 1894, Mrs. Elizabeth Hutton Sherwood, widow of Rev. John Harvey Sherwood, in the eighty-third year of her age. This venerable lady was born in the city of Troy, New York, in the year 1812, and was the daughter of Timothy Hutton, a soldier in the Revolution, who

joined the ranks when only sixteen years old. It is said that he gave to the city of Troy its name. He afterwards removed to New York, where Hutton Street and his old homestead, now converted into a warehouse, still remain. Mrs. Sherwood's uncle, Christopher Hutton, was an officer in the Second Regiment of New York Militia and one of General Washington's staff. His name and official title appear on the rolls of the Society of the Cincinnati. Notwithstanding Mrs. Sherwood's frail health and her advanced age, her patriotism was unbounded, and her enthusiasm led her to join the ranks of the "National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution." She was early transferred to the Philadelphia Chapter, of which she was made an honorary member, and her name appears on the charter roll. The loyal and patriotic spirit of her father burned undimmed in her bosom, and among the recollections of her youth she recalls that her father loved the smell of gunpowder, as it reminded him of the stirring times of the Revolution, when he was ready to die for his country. Mrs. Sherwood was the oldest member of our Chapter in regard to age, and she passed away in the third year of our existence as a Society. Her death causes the first break in the membership of the Philadelphia Chapter, and lessens the already small number of those favored women who were in truth daughters of Revolutionary sires.

MRS. LYDIA SHIELDS JONES.

It is our sad duty to inform you of the sudden death of Mrs. Lydia Shields Jones, a charter member of both the National Society and the Pittsburg Chapter. The distressing circumstances of Mrs. Jones's death have intensified the deep grief felt at her loss, and the whole community where she lived sympathize most sincerely with her family and many friends in their great sorrow. On the afternoon of September 28, when starting for a drive and while still in front of her own home, she was thrown from her carriage upon the track of the electric road and so injured by a car that she died a few hours afterwards. She was an attractive and intelligent Christian woman, a devoted wife and mother, whose home was her kingdom. She was a helpful and interested member of our Society, and in her death

we suffer a true loss. On the occasion of the funeral an emblem in flowers, representing the wheel and distaff, was sent by our Chapter as a mark of sympathy and affection. Mrs. Jones was descended from Major Daniel Leep, Major Isaac Craig, and General John Neville and belonged to one of the oldest families in this county. She and her sisters have taken a prominent part in our Society and testified to their interest in its work, one of them, Mrs. James B. Oliver, having been instrumental in obtaining for us possession of the Old Block House.

At our last meeting, held on October 3, the following resolutions were presented and adopted :

Resolved, That this Chapter express its profound sorrow and regret at this sad event, by which it is deprived of a member of high moral and intellectual worth, who was deeply interested in the aims and advancements of this Society.

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved friends our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and also placed upon the records of the Pittsburg Chapter.

AGNES C. MESSLOR,

Corresponding Secretary.





OFFICIAL.

MINUTES OF THE NATIONAL BOARD.

THURSDAY, *November 1*, 1894.

Pursuant to call, the National Board of Management met at 902 F Street at 4 p. m., Mrs. Hamilton in the chair.

Present: Mrs. Schuyler Hamilton, Mrs. Blount, Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Gannett, Mrs. Goodfellow, Dr. McGee, Miss Miller, Miss Mallett, Miss Desha, Miss Wilbur, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Tullock, Mrs. Heth, Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Geer, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Lockwood, Miss Washington, and Mrs. Burnett; also Mrs. Foot, of the Advisory Board.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain-General.

The Recording Secretary read the minutes of October 4, 5, and 9, 1894, which were accepted after correction.

The Registrars presented the names of two hundred and twenty-six ladies as eligible to membership in the National Society, who were elected.

Miss Wilbur, Registrar-General, presented to the Society a history of Hingham, Massachusetts, donated by the Old Colony Chapter, for which a vote of thanks was passed.

Mrs. Mann reported that she had issued thirty-two badge permits since October 4, and furnished the clerk \$20 for issuance of certificates.

Mrs. Mann moved that when the clerk sends notices to applicants of their admission to the Daughters of the American Revo-

lution that she inform them that they are required to send their national number with all badge orders. Motion carried.

Miss Wilbur moved that one hundred circulars for Mrs. Mann be printed. Motion carried.

The Registrars having reported that no certificate of membership or badge permit had been issued to the Infanta Eulalia, Mrs. Dickens moved that the Registrars be requested to ask Caldwell & Company why they issued a badge to the Infanta Eulalia of Spain without the authority of the Registrar. Motion carried.

Miss Desha moved that in future no printing shall be done except when ordered by the National Board. Motion carried.

Report of the Vice-President in Charge of Organization.—For Chapter Regent, Mrs. Mattie A. Hand, in Holton, Kansas. The State Regent of Illinois appoints as Chapter Regents Mrs. Ralph Emerson, in Rockford; Mrs. Myra Ewing, in Decatur; Miss Lilian Balance Rice, in Peoria; Mrs. James C. Burns, in Monmouth, and Miss May Latham, in Lincoln. The State Regent of Massachusetts appoints Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd as Chapter Regent in Amherst. The State Regent of Delaware appoints Miss Virginia Bryan Causey as Chapter Regent in Milford. The State Regent of Washington appoints Mrs. Emma M. Cole as Chapter Regent in Seattle. The State Regent of Wisconsin appoints Mrs. Flora B. Ginty as Chapter Regent in Chippewa Falls. Mrs. Jamieson is appointed Chapter Regent in Lawrenceville, New Jersey. The State Regent of Iowa appoints Mrs. Abbie Cadle Mahin as Chapter Regent in Clinton. The report was accepted.

Report of the Corresponding Secretary-General.—Notices of election of officers in the following Chapters have been received: Ruth Heart, Meriden, Connecticut; Fanny Ledyard Chapter, Mystic, Connecticut; Katherine Gaylord Chapter, Bristol, Connecticut; Boudinot Chapter, Elizabeth, New Jersey; Camp Middlebrook Chapter, Bound Brook, New Jersey, and Shikelimo Chapter, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania; the organization and election of officers of the Yorktown Chapter, in York, Pennsylvania; Pittsburg Chapter, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; Quassiack Chapter, Newburg, New York; St. Paul Chapter, St. Paul, Minnesota,

and Milwaukee Chapter, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; receipt of the report of the Muskingum Chapter, Zanesville, Ohio; receipt of a printed copy of the by-laws of the Lucretia Shaw Chapter, in New London, Connecticut; receipt of the printed copy of the by-laws of the General de Lafayette Chapter, Lafayette, Indiana; announcements of the deaths of Mrs. Lydia Shields Jones, charter member of the Pittsburg Chapter, and accompanying resolutions of the Chapter in regard thereto, and of Mrs. Anna B. Goodwin, of Buxton, Maine, member of the Elizabeth Wadsworth Chapter, Portland, Maine; account of the celebration of the battle of King's Mountain by the Society in Tennessee. The following letters were received: Regarding the True Story of the Daughters of the American Revolution and Conference Report; from Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, addressed to the National Board, in regard to the issuing of certificates of charter members; from A. W. Ellson & Company, Boston, in regard to the purchase of a portrait of George Washington for the public schools; from the Local Council, inviting the Daughters to join the Federated Council of the District of Columbia; from Mrs. Kate Farnham; from a member of the Society, asking that the Corresponding Secretary-General or the Editor of the MAGAZINE shall publish a short article assuring the members that the national number once given to a member shall never be withdrawn, there having been numerous rumors afloat in regard to this matter; of acceptance from Mrs. Clarke, State Regent of Texas; from Mrs. Greenhalge, Chapter Regent in Lowell, Massachusetts; from Mrs. Minnie Graves Brown, in Fort Wayne, Indiana; from Mrs. Ginty, in Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, announcing that she is ready to organize, and that her Chapter will be named Mary Morris, in honor of her great-grandmother, wife of Louis Morris, signer of the Declaration; from Mrs. Peter, of Buffalo, New York, announcing that she had forwarded the charts and books accepted by the National Board last spring. Amendments—article V, first clause in section 3. The report was accepted.

Mrs. Lockwood asked for information relative to inserting obituary notices in the Magazine.

Mrs. Dickins moved "That the Editor of the Magazine be

allowed to use her discretion in curtailing or printing obituary notices." Motion carried.

Mrs. Dickins moved that the account of the "True Story of the Origin of the Society" be revised, as suggested by Miss Desha, and published in the Magazine, and that the Chairman appoint a committee to consider the matter. Motion carried.

Dr. McGee moved that Mrs. Mann take charge of the issuing of all Certificates of charter members which have not yet been engrossed. Motion carried.

It was moved and carried that the letter of A. W. Ellson & Co., of Boston, be laid on the table.

In answer to the letter from the Secretary of the Federated Council of the District of Columbia, Mrs. Dickins stated that her motion at the previous meeting settled this question.

In reply to letter from Mrs. Kate Farnham, Mrs. Dickins moved that Mrs. Farnham be requested to forward her request through the State Regent and Vice-President-General in Charge of Organization. Motion carried.

In reply to the inquiry relative to the National Number, Mrs. Dickins moved that the statement of Miss Desha as to National Numbers be inserted in the Magazine. Motion carried.

The following amendment to the Constitution was offered by Miss Desha at the request of Miss Minnie F. Mickley, of the Liberty Bell Chapter: Article V, section 3, strike out the first sentence; substitute the following: "The annual meeting of the Continental Congress shall be held in Washington City, D. C., on the 30th of April in each year, or, if that falls on Sunday, the meeting shall be held on the following Tuesday."

The Recording Secretary-General reported the terms submitted by Mr. Paul A. Steele for engrossing the certificates of the Society.

Miss Miller moved that Mr. Steele's terms of ten cents for each certificate and twenty-five cents for engrossing each charter be accepted. Motion carried.

Dr. McGee moved that all official papers of the Recording Secretary-General during Miss Washington's term of office be given to her that she may transfer them immediately to the newly elected Recording-Secretary General. Motion carried.

Mrs. Gannett withdrew her nomination of Mrs. Charles S. Johnson for Recording Secretary-General, as Mrs. Johnson would be unable to serve if elected.

Mrs. Burnett presented her resignation as Registrar-General, which was accepted.

The Secretary casting the ballot, Mrs. Burnett was elected Recording Secretary-General.

The Board adjourned until Friday, November 2, 1894.

JULIA S. GOODFELLOW,
Recording Secretary-General.

FRIDAY, November 2, 1894.

An adjourned meeting of the Board of Management was held at 902 F Street at 4 p. m., Mrs. Schuyler Hamilton in the chair.

Present: Mrs. Schuyler Hamilton, Mrs. Tullock, Miss Desha, Mrs. Mann, Miss Wilbur, Miss Mallett, Dr. McGee, Mrs. Geer, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Blount, Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Heth, Mrs. Clark, Miss Washington, Miss Miller, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Dickens, and Mrs. Burnett.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain-General.

The report of the Treasurer-General was read and accepted.

Report of the Treasurer-General from September 29 to October 31, 1894.

Sept. 29. Balance per report at this date \$3,130 05

Receipts:

Charter fees	\$29 00	
Initiation fees	236 00	
Annual dues.....	482 00	
Magazine	9 42	
Rosettes.....	25 60	
Life members.....	95 00	
Stationery.....	5 00	
Miss Desha, for sale of spoons.....	136 08	
Overpaid by Chapter.....	1 00	
		1,019 10
		\$4,149 15
Disbursements per details appended	1,369 37	
Balance....		\$2,779 78

Bills paid by the Treasurer-General for the month of October :

Oct. 2.	Judd & Detweiler, printing Magazine for September.	\$279 61
2.	Miss Lockwood, Business Manager of the Magazine.	50 00
2.	Miss Lockwood, for proof-reader of Magazine	5 00
4.	Rent of office.....	59 00
4.	Miss N. B. Stone, office expenses.....	50 00
6.	Clerk to Treasurer-General, salary.....	30 00
8.	Rockford, Illinois, dues overpaid	13 50
8.	Mrs. C. A. Mann, postage, authorized March 22	60 00
9.	Mrs. A. M. Burnett, money refunded.....	1 00
10.	W. F. Roberts, printing.....	92 85
10.	Gibson Brothers, printing	1 75
10.	Treasurer-General, postage and files.....	11 63
10.	Mrs. De B. R. Keim, State Regent, Connecticut ...	8 75
10.	John G. Hodges, bookbinder.....	12 00
12.	Mrs. Marguerite Dickens, ex-Treasurer-General.....	6 00
19.	Concord, Massachusetts, Chapter, dues refunded....	2 00
19.	Cambridge, Massachusetts, Chapter, dues refunded...	3 00
19.	Judd & Detweiler, printing Magazine for October...	213 98
23.	Miss N. B. Stone, clerk, salary.....	50 00
25.	Miss Shellenburg, dues refunded.....	2 00
27.	Mrs. Ruth R. See, dues refunded	7 00
30.	Mrs. Virginia B. Perry, dues refunded.....	1 00
30.	Mrs. Jane C. Harvey, dues refunded	1 00
31.	American Security and Trust Company, account of Permanent Fund.....	401 30
31.	John G. Hodges, making register for Magazine.....	7 00

\$1,369 37

Respectfully submitted.

MIRANDA TULLOCK.

The Finance Committee presented their report, Mrs. Dickens acting as chairman at Mrs. Tullock's request.

Mrs. Dickens moved that, as the office expenses are at present unlimited, we at once limit them.

Mrs. Clark moved that thirty dollars be furnished for office expenses only, and that the officers entitled to postage shall present such bills through the regular channel, as required by the By-Laws. Office expenses include the sending out of application blanks, Constitutions, etc., as well as office incidentals. Motion carried.

The Board adjourned till Saturday, November 3, 1894.

AGNES M. BURNETT,
Recording Secretary-General.

SATURDAY, *November 3, 1894.*

An adjourned meeting of the Board of Management was held at 902 F Street at 4 p. m., Mrs. Lockwood in the chair.

Present: Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Geer, Mrs. Tullock, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Brackett, Dr. McGee, Mrs. Mann, Miss Desha, Miss Washington, Miss Wilbur, Mrs. Heth, Mrs. Blount, Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Burnett.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain-General.

Mrs. Brackett presented a bill from Mr. Willard for rent of rooms at 1416 F Street for September, due notice of intention to vacate not having been given. Upon motion of Miss Washington, Mrs. Brackett was instructed to accept Mr. Willard's kind offer to cancel the bill.

Dr. McGee moved that the report of the Finance Committee be discussed and acted upon in sections.

The discussion of the report was suspended to hear Miss Desha's report on the Souvenir Spoons.

Dr. McGee moved that the section of the Finance Committee's report relative to Souvenir Spoons be referred back to the committee for incorporation of Miss Desha's report and additional data. Motion carried.

The Board adjourned until Monday, November 5, 1894.

AGNES M. BURNETT,

Recording Secretary-General.

MONDAY, *November 5, 1894.*

An adjourned meeting of the Board of Management was held at 902 F Street at 4 p. m., Mrs. Hamilton in the chair.

Present: Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Mann, Miss Wilbur, Miss Desha, Miss Mallett, Mrs. Bullock, Dr. McGee, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Tullock, Miss Washington, Mrs. Henry, Miss Miller, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Heth.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain-General.

In the absence of the Recording Secretary-General, Dr. McGee was elected to act in that capacity.

The report of the Finance Committee was considered.*

*The report of the Finance Committee was withdrawn from publication in the minutes, before their approval on December 6, that it might receive further consideration.

Report of Printing Committee, Miss Desha, chairman:

The Printing Committee has the honor to submit the following report, and requests from the Board an order to have additional supplies printed, as there are at present no Constitutions and only two hundred application blanks left in the office, and demands are coming from the Chapter and State Regents every day. We therefore ask for ten thousand application blanks, eight thousand small Constitutions, and five hundred printed letters to inquirers issued by the Corresponding Secretary.

(Signed)

MARY DESHA, *Chairman.*

H. S. HETH.

E. T. BULLOCK.

AUGUSTA D. GEER.

The committee offers for inspection a detailed statement, giving names and addresses of all persons who applied for these supplies, with the number sent to each.

The detailed printing account with W. F. Roberts is given in the report of the Finance Committee.

The report was accepted after the following amendments and resolutions had been passed: Mrs. Lockwood moved that eight thousand application blanks be printed. Dr. McGee moved that the words "but it is desired that the history of each ancestor shall be written upon a separate blank when possible" be stricken from the third page of the new application blanks. Miss Washington moved that two application blanks be furnished each applicant free, and that five cents be charged for each additional blank used. Mrs. Dickins moved that one thousand copies of the statement to that effect be printed for issue with application blanks.

Mrs. Dickins moved that four thousand small-sized Constitutions be printed.

Mrs. Lockwood moved that the paper entitled "The True Story of the Origin of the Society" be not reprinted in pamphlet form. The Chair, Mrs. Hamilton, appointed as committee to consider this paper, Dr. McGee, chairman; Mrs. Mann, and Mrs. Lockwood.

Amendments to the Constitution.—The following were read:

Art. V, Sec. 2. Strike out the whole section; substitute the following: "Each Chapter having fifty members may elect one delegate to the Continental Congress in addition to its Regent, and each Chapter having seventy-five members may elect a second additional delegate. Other delegates may be elected in

the proportion of one to every fifty members over and above the first seventy-five. Only members who have paid their dues for the official year then current shall be entitled to representation." Offered by Dr. McGee.

NOTE.—This amendment does not change the present representation, except that members-at-large in Washington are to send no delegate.

Sec. 3. Strike out "22d day of February;" substitute "19th day of April." Offered by Mrs. V. K. Maddox.

Sec. 3. Strike out "on the 22d day of February of each year, or, if that falls on Sunday, the meeting shall be held on the following Wednesday;" substitute the following: "during the week in which the 22d day of February (or such other date as may be selected) falls." Offered by Dr. McGee.

Art. VIII. Strike out sections 1, 2, 3, and 4; substitute the following:

"SEC. 1. The initiation fee to the National Society shall be two dollars, which shall exempt the member from the payment of dues to the National Society during the official year in which she is elected. The initiation fee must be sent to the Treasurer-General when the application papers are sent to the Registrar-General. The official year shall commence on the 22d day of February, and the annual dues to the National Society shall be one dollar, payable in advance.

"SEC. 2. The payment of twelve dollars at one time shall constitute a life membership and exempt the member from further payment of dues to the National Society.

"SEC. 3. The local Chapters may by by-laws make provision for the collection of additional dues for their own use."

The present sections 5 and 6 to be numbered 4 and 5. Offered by Mrs. Dickins.

Add to the present Article IX, section 2, the following: "Amendments may also be offered by any Chapter, provided that it proceeds as prescribed for the Board of Management, and that it notifies the National officers as well as Chapters and State Regents." Offered by Dr. McGee.

Amendments to By-Laws offered by Mrs. A. Howard Clark:

Article II, add the following: "Sec. 2. When a National Officer is unable to attend to the duties of her office, either by absence from the city or otherwise, she shall report such fact to the Board of Management and the Board shall thereupon appoint one of its members to temporarily perform the duties of such office."

Article XVII, strike out the whole article.

Dr. McGee nominated Mrs. Roberdeau Buchanan as Registrar-General; seconded by Miss Miller.

Mrs. Henry, Regent of the District of Columbia, presented a communication from the Regents and Vice-Regents of four of the Chapters in the District.

Mrs. Lockwood moved that the paper be laid on the table. Motion carried.

Continental Congress of 1895.—Miss Desha moved that the resident members of the National Board form the Committee on Arrangement for the Congress. Motion carried.

Miss Desha and Miss Mallett requested that they be not elected on any committees for Congress, as their time was fully occupied.

The following committees were elected:

Credentials.—Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Tullock, and Mrs. Geer.

Programme.—Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Brackett, and Mrs. Dickins.

Press and Publication.—Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Gannett, and Dr. McGee.

House Decoration and Music.—Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Dorsey, Miss Miller, and Dr. McGee.

Badges.—Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Blackburn, and Miss Miller.

Hotels and Railroads.—Mrs. Keim, Mrs. Geer, and Mrs. Blount.

Lunch.—Mrs. Heth, Mrs. Henry, Miss Washington, Miss Wilbur, Mrs. Bullock, and Mrs. Geer.

Mrs. Dickins moved that the election of the Committee on Ushers be left until the next meeting.

Miss Desha moved that the President-General be requested to appoint the Reception Committee.

The meeting adjourned.

ANITA NEWCOMB MCGEE, M. D.,

Recording Secretary-General pro tem.

MRS. HARRISON PORTRAIT FUND.

RECEIVED NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER.

Mrs. James M. Mingay, Saratoga	\$2 00
Mrs. Jasper Cairns, Saratoga	2 00
Abigail Adams Chapter, Des Moines, Iowa	10 00

ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH, *Treasurer.*

The American Monthly Magazine.

INDEX.

VOLUME V—JULY-DECEMBER, 1894.

<i>History:</i>	Page.
The Old Mill at Newport. Lida Hewett.....	1
The Battle of Bunker Hill. Mary Elizabeth Springer.....	6
An Ancestor from a Historical Point of View. Kate Foote.....	13
The One Hundred and Nineteenth Anniversary of the Battle of Lexington. Anna Lawrence Platt.....	19
A Glimpse of Massachusetts in the Revolution. Mary Sawyer Foot.....	27
Fort McHenry. Marie J. McCay.....	35
The Battle of Princeton. Mary Scott Boyd.....	38
The Declaration of Independence. Mary Bertram Woodworth....	45
The First Official Resistance to the British Stamp Act. Betty Har- rison Maulsby Ritchie.....	47
Lafayette in America. Miriam Williams Skinner.....	97
Two Revolutionary Soldiers. E. Seaver.....	107
Revolutionary Anniversary. Oliver Ormsby Page.....	113
Patriotism. N. D. N.....	115
Ethan Allen. E. J. Russell.....	117
The Huguenot in the Revolution. Cyrus Peck.....	123
Goodwife Waite's Story. Sarah B. Thayer.....	127
Currency Notes as Teachers of History. Robert Stockwell Hatcher.	131
The Old Redoubt of Fort Pitt. Mary O'Hara Darlington.....	134
The Rise of Our Republic. Mary S. Lockwood.....	136
Cornwallis in Virginia. N. B. Winston.....	197
Women as Patriots. Maria Spaulding Lyman.....	209
The Ball at Shuter's Hill. Mrs. M. Devereux.....	212
A Colonial Mail-Bag. Mildred Overton Mathes.....	215
The Minute Men of Seventy-five. Lilian Pike.....	227
Birth of the Flag. Laura Dayton Fessenden.....	228
Paper Read Before the Fort Dearborn Chapter. Mrs. E. Marey...	232
Address to the Members and Guests of Fort Dearborn Chapter. Cornelia Gray Lunt.....	237

	Page.
The Battle of Bunker Hill. Ainsworth R. Spofford.....	309
The Memory of John Adams. William Everett.....	324
Hingham in the Revolution. Walter L. Bouve.....	327
The Month of May during the Revolution. Bessie Bishop Han- over.....	335
Great-Grandmother. (Poem.) Mrs. Howard J. Curtis.....	341
The Flag of the United States. Martha Edwards Beach.....	342
King's Mountain. (Poem.) Sara Beaumont Kennedy.....	346
Frontier Life during the American Revolution. Susan Stroud Robeson.....	349
Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth and his Family. Mrs. W. Irving Vinal.....	374
General Nicholas Herkimer. M. M. Shoemaker.....	397
Free Quakers in the Revolution. Charles Wetherill.....	409
Slavery in Colonial Days. William L. Scruggs.....	429
The Wars with the Barbary States. E. J. Russell.....	435
Historical Pilgrimage.....	438
General Washington's Thanksgiving Proclamation. Mary Bertram Woodworth.....	444
The American Revolution. Mrs. Lillian Monk.....	446
California from Padre to Citizen. Mary S. Lockwood.....	509
A Day with Old Concord Chapter, that Inaugurates Neighborhood Meetings. Harriet M. Lothrop (Margaret Sidney).....	523
An Island, and Beyond. Jane Meade Welch.....	531
Side Lights of History. Elizabeth Bryant Johnston.....	533
Hamilton's Last Song. Marquis de Lafayette Chapter.....	536
The Spanish Remainder in the United States. Emily Seymour Coit.....	539
An Early Incident of the Revolution. Lucy B. Fish.....	541

What We Are Doing:

Old Glory—Fairest of Flags.....	54
Washington's Headquarters—Dobbs Ferry.....	55
A Beautiful Service of the Mercy Warren Chapter.....	57
Address: Read before the Gaspee Chapter. Mrs. J. H. Robbins...	145
Address: Made before the Mohegan Chapter. Mrs. Schuyler Ham- ilton, Jr.....	150
An Impressive Ceremony. Lillian Bright Horton.....	155
Proceedings of the Pittsburg Chapter. Transfer of the Block House. Mary O'Hara Darlington.....	160
The Sequoia Liberty Tree. The planting of a Liberty Tree in Golden Gate Park.....	164
Sons of the American Revolution in California.....	171
Minnesota Work. Henrietta James Howard.....	244
State Conference of the Pennsylvania Chapters. Martha May Roth- rock.....	259
The Founding of New London.....	354

	Page.
Celebration of Independence Day in Hingham. Belle Merrill Draper	356
Reasons for Belonging to Chapters. Lilian Pike	453
One Hundred and Sixteenth Anniversary of the Massacre at Wyoming.	455
Work of the Daughters of the American Revolution for the National Mary Washington Memorial Association. Margaret Hetzel	461
Reminiscences of the Daughters of Liberty. Mrs. Richard Jackson Barker	545
Patriotism in the Public Schools. Elizabeth Cox Sullivan	552
Flag Presentation. California Society, S. A. R	555
How We Spent Independence Day. Harriet Bulkley Larrabee	558
The Day We Celebrate—October 18, 1894. Kate Wentworth Thompson	561

Ancestry:

Mrs. George A. Lawrence.	58
Faith Robinson Trumbull	59
Stephen Gano	61
Mrs. Georgia Stockton Hatcher	66
An Original Poem. By Eleanor Hunter	173
Who Ruth Wyllys Was. Mary K. Talcott	176
General James Wadsworth. Louise McCoy North	266
One Hero. Emma Y. Ross	276
Kate Kearney Henry	358
Catharine Hitchcock Tilden Avery	466
Mary Elizabeth Croghan Schenley	566
Mrs. Mattoon Monroe Curtis	567
Ancestry of Faith Trumbull. Mary Langford Taylor Alden	573
Eunice Dennie Burr. Hannah Hobart	576

Olde Letters and Ye Historic of Fire-sides:

Journal of Sarah Winslow Deming	67
The Remembrances	70
Letters of Dolly Madison	70
Letter of James Madison	72
Anecdotes of the Revolution. Alice L. Gardner	180
Gossip about Colonial Women. H. P. Goddard	282
The Parmelee Family in the Olden Time. Martha Parmelee Rose	361
Old Letters. Elroy M. Avery	367
Old Letter. Anita Newcomb McGee, M. D.	372
Letter from Lafayette	474
Letter from Lady in Philadelphia to British Officer	475
Letters of Mary Palmer. Helen Wilkinson Reynolds	579
Christmas on the Mayflower. Elizabeth Cady Stanton	584
Editor's Note-book	73, 184, 292, 478, 587

<i>Chapters:</i>		Page.
Cincinnati Chapter.....		75
Anna Warner Bailey Chapter.....		76
Ruth Hart Chapter.....		77
Augusta, Georgia, Chapter.....		79
Bristol Chapter.....		79
Gaspee Chapter.....		80
Dolly Madison Chapter.....		186
The American Flag—Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter.....		187
Bristol Chapter.....		188
Buffalo Chapter.....		188
Dolly Madison Chapter at Chevy Chase.....		191
Western Reserve Chapter.....		192
Connecticut State Convention of the D. A. R.....		193
The Moline Chapter, Springfield, Illinois.....		195
Columbia Chapter, D. C.....		195
The Patriotic League.....		196
Fort Dearborn Chapter.....		297
Chicago Chapter.....		298
Gaspee Chapter. Eliza H. L. Barker.....		298
Watauga Chapter. Jean Robertson Anderson.....		300
Reunion of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Saratoga.....		381
Fanny Ledyard Chapter.....		383
Frederick Chapter.....		386
Bristol Chapter.....		388
Eschscholtzia Chapter.....		480
Mercy Warren Chapter.....		481
Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter.....		481
Gaspee Chapter.....		488
Pittsburg Chapter.....		491
Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter.....		491
John Marshall Chapter. Harriet Bulkley Larrabee.....		589
Rockford Chapter. Carrie S. Britt.....		590
Roger Sherman Chapter. Charlotte B. Bennett.....		591
Otsego Chapter. Grace Scott Bowen, Secretary.....		593
Moline Chapter.....		593
Fort Dearborn Chapter.....		593
Freeport Chapter.....		594
Springfield Chapter.....		594
The State Regent of Illinois.....		594
New Jersey: A Reception.....		595
Camp Middlebrook Chapter.....		595
 <i>In Memoriam:</i>		
Elizabeth W. Courtney.....		81
Charlotte Thrall Chaffee.....		81
Emily Hopkinson Smith.....		82

	Page.
Elizabeth S. Vredenburg	83
Mary Augusta Sherwood	84
Mrs. J. M. Cahoon	379
Mrs. Elizabeth G. Mettler	379
Agnes Dandridge Cash Bledsoe	600
Mrs. Elizabeth Hutton Sherwood	600
Mrs. Lydia Shields Jones	601

Official :

May 9, 1894	86
August 18, 1894	303, 394
June 10, 1894	390
October 4, 1894	493
October 5, 1894	501
October 9, 1894	504
November 1, 1894	603
Mrs. Harrison's Portrait Fund	96, 304, 508, 612
Book Notices	95, 307
Errata	96, 508

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Old Tower at Newport.	E. Junipero Serra.
Mary Sawyer Foot.	Carmel Mission.
Georgia Stockton Hatcher.	Golden Gate.
Dorothea Spotswood Henry.	Russian River.
Currency Notes.	Old Spanish Missions.
The Old Redoubt at Fort Pitt.	The Bear Flag.
Perry's Victory.	Bird's-eye View of Hotel del Monte,
Facsimile of Journal and Baltimore	Monterey, California.
Advertiser.	Margaret Sidney (Mrs. D. Lothrop).
Head and Tail Piece.	The Wayside—home of Nathaniel
Ethan Allen.	Hawthorne.
Old Hingham Church.	The Minute Man.
Jessie Benton Frémont.	Tierra de Estevan Gomez—early
General Nicholas Herkimer.	map.
Herkimer Mansion.	Mrs. Mary E. Croghan Schenley.
Oriskany Obelisk.	Mrs. Mattoon M. Curtis.
General Herkimer's Grave.	

